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ABSTRACT

This journal issue focuses on insiders and outsiders in Appalachia, the mixing of cultures, and the diversity of the region. The lead article mixes memoir with analysis of the importance of home and homeplace to people from the Appalachians, many of whom are forced to leave permanently in search of work. A second article considers the strange contrast between outsiders' fascination with things Appalachian and some natives' desire to get rid of their country accent and country ways, pointing out the difficulty for some insiders to feel comfortable inside. Contradicting the stereotype of the Appalachian hillbilly, there are profiles of Appalachian residents of Italian, Jewish, Chinese, and Filipino descent who maintained their native traditions. Other articles include selections from a new novel by Gurney Norman and from the journals of novelist Harriet Simpson Arnow, and memories of a city boy who felt superior to his country cousins. There are also reviews of two novels about Appalachia for children, a collection of essays about urban Appalachians, Appalachian poetry, Baptist worship practices, and reviews of films about migration into and out of Appalachia and a rural North Carolina autobiography. (DHP)

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NOW AND THEN

Center for Appalachian Studies and Services/Institute for Appalachian Affairs
East Tennessee State University

Philip Almazan, Greeneville, Tenn., and Betty Childress, Bristol, Tenn., perform a traditional Filipino dance at the Phil-Am Club Christmas party, Johnson City, Tenn.

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A girl and boy say goodbye at the Knoxville bus station, Knoxville, Tenn., September, 1943. Photo by Esther Bubley for the U.S. Office of War Information.

What California Means To Me Part 34

Somewhere
about half way between
Maryville and Sacramento
in my teens I heard
Bob Wills play.

—Wayne Hogan

Now and Then

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Wayne Hogan is a freelance writer and illustrator from Cookeville, Tenn. His poems have appeared in ***MSS, Cotton Boll****, the* ***MacGuffin, Crab Creek Review*** *and elsewhere.*

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From the Director

This issue of *Now and Then* is the sort of magazine we were hoping to produce when the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services was established in 1984. From the very beginning, we were seeking to avoid stereotyped approaches to Appalachian Studies and also to break down barriers between professional scholars and the general public. We carefully examined the publications being produced by our colleagues in this field and decided that we wanted a magazine with its own distinct personality, one which could not be easily pigeonholed as just another little literary review or academic journal.

Striking out in a new direction is never the easiest path to take, but the warm response that *Now and Then* has received from scholars, writers and subscribers in the Appalachian region and elsewhere tells us that our efforts are being appreciated by the kind of people we want to reach.

In this Insiders/Outsiders edition of *Now and Then*, our intent is to illuminate the cultural complexity and social diversity of a region which has often been dismissed as homogenous, rural and isolated. In actuality, Appalachia is becoming more cosmopolitan with every passing day. Southern mountain people who have migrated out of the region must cope with the same problems of balancing the preservation of ethnic identity against pressures towards assimilation into the dominant society which face members of minority groups who have recently moved into Appalachia. This in turn reflects broader issues which affect people caught between traditionalism and modernization throughout the contemporary world.

By the time you read this latest issue of *Now and Then*, the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services will be evaluated by the Tennessee Higher Education Commission and the State Board of Regents to determine whether it is worthy of being designated an "Accomplished Center of Excellence." Over the past four years, as a Center of Excellence we have not only succeeded in bolstering the identity of East Tennessee State University as a major contributor to Appalachian Studies through the publication of this magazine but have otherwise met the various measures of performance set for us, including support for media and book projects, covering the costs incurred by CASS faculty members and fellows in making presentations at professional conferences, encouraging active participation in the activities of organizations such as the Appalachian Studies Association and the Appalachian Consortium, seeking grants and contracts to fund research and public service projects, providing service to public schools, as well as sponsoring events attracting visiting scholars to this campus.

To continue this work, CASS needs your encouragement and support. Individual subscriptions to *Now and Then* are $7.50 a year for three issues; institutional subscriptions are $10.00. Larger contributions will be gratefully appreciated and will help continue the work of the CASS Fellowship Program. We've come a long way in a short time but we need your help today more than ever.

—Richard Blaustein

From the Editor

When I was growing up in Chicago, I lived in a neighborhood that most families were interested in getting out of. The goal was the suburbs. We worked to remove the accents that exposed us as working class children or grandchildren of immigrants. Religion and customs became diluted to a more bland mix, one that would be acceptable outside the neighborhood, one that would not draw attention or ridicule anywhere in the country.

We succeeded. We went out in mainstream America, and no one stared at our odd ethnic ways — because we didn't display odd ethnic ways. Back in my old neighborhood, I now feel like a tourist. I am charmed by the accents and fascinated by the shops that I used to consider the most mundane places in the world.

In fact, I feel like a tourist about anywhere I go. I don't belong anywhere, everywhere I am an observer.

Except here. I have found a home. I know the names of the mountains, I can find morel mushrooms and pink lady's slippers. I've learned that, unlike Chicago, you can look right at strangers' faces and even say hello as you walk down the street or grocery aisles. I've found that if I step into any place with more than 20 people in it, I'm likely to know at least one person.

Yet, I'm still an outsider. I have envied those who have a heritage here to fall back on, a place to come to. Storyteller and dancer Anndrena Belcher grew up not three miles from me in Chicago, she went to the next high school over. But when she moved to this part of the country, she was making a circle, coming home. Her story is featured in the film *Long Journey Home*, reviewed in this issue on page 28. Those who have more recent immigrant pasts cannot stake such a claim. We have to rely on the kindness of strangers.

Generally, wherever we go, we find goodwill. But sometimes there's resentment, or simply a lack of understanding.

But the trouble we may have had feeling at home here is paralleled by people from the region who move elsewhere. Just as I abandoned as much evidence as possible that I was *from* a certain place, many of the people from this region have felt compelled to get rid of their accents and their mannerisms to avoid comments or ridicule.

In this issue of *Now and Then*, we're talking about these tensions that come with the mixing of cultures, feeling at home, feeling left out, getting confused, getting mad, getting therapy, getting in, getting out.

And this issue of *Now and Then* is about the diversity of the region. Appalachia has never entirely fit its reputation as a pure Scots community. There's long been a good-sized black community here, and a small band of Cherokees never left. For more than 100 years immigrants from every background have moved in. Will the real Appalachian please stand up?

Let's all stand up. I think we can figure out a way for each of us to maintain our unique cultures and still find a home in this unique Appalachian world, too.

So, OK, you guys, I said stand up! All a youse!

—Pat Arnow

cartoon: Tony Feathers

From the Archives

The development of railroading, coal mining, timbering and manufacturing in the southern Appalachian mountains provided work for the inhabitants of the region and also resulted in migration of laborers and skilled professionals into the area. Many of the migrants made southern Appalachia their home and became instrumental in the development of the region.

Among the collections held by the Archives of Appalachia are the papers of one migrant, D.R. Beeson, Sr. In 1903, Beeson was working as a draftsman for U.S. Steel Corporation in an office near Pittsburgh. He accepted a transfer to Gary, W.V., as a part of a company coal development project. According to Beeson's written account of his move, "Most all the boys in the Ambridge office wanted to get the call as we had heard plenty of wild tales about the region, and adventure seemed to have her hand out beckoning us to a mighty attractive possibility of new experience in a part of the USA that was pretty much untouched by the hand of what we considered as civilization."

Beeson remained in Gary for two years. With his curiosity about the people and interest in nature, he began hiking into the mountains and photographing the scenic landscapes. After hearing of the Hatfield-McCoy feud, Beeson and a friend, Frank Boes, decided to hike into Pike County, Ky. In his description of the trip, Beeson stated, "A tall mountaineer appeared in the trail ahead, blocking our advance, so we pulled up for some talk. The stranger was a cadaverous-looking guy but without the fierce, mean appearance we had been hoping to see. In fact he had a pleasant face [though] the eyes were sharp and suspicious. He was dressed country fashion and carried a single-barrel shot gun. Our dreams of an ideal tough customer had faded."

Beeson left Gary, W.Va., in 1905 and moved to Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia in order to work for George L. Carter, developer of the Clinchfield Railroad. In 1912, he began working as an architect in Johnson City. While living in East Tennessee, Beeson continued hiking and photographing the mountains. In 1914, he and C. Hodge Mathes (a professor at East Tennessee State Normal School) took a week-long hike through the Smoky Mountains to the summit of Mount Guyot. Beeson and Mathes made three other Western North Carolina walking trips in 1913 and 1914. Beeson said that from Roan Mountain, "The mountains in the distance stick up [through] the morning fogs like islands. However, I suppose I would come to regard it differently in time, [though] the beauty could never die, — only the novelty would wear off."

In the 1920s Beeson, Mathes, Paul Fink and Roy Camer formed a Sunday hiking club which they referred to as the A.B.F.M. club. The initials stood for "able-bodied and feeble-minded." Beeson remained interested in hiking and in the geography of the region throughout his life.

Beeson's architectural work also brought him in contact with the inhabitants of the region. He visited Banner Elk, N.C., in 1917 when designing the new hospital for the town. In his reminiscence of the visit, Beeson stated, "The mountain people at that date were really primitive rustics and very few had been far from home. . . . The women worked all the time and were old, in looks, at 30 . . . ." Still, Beeson maintained that the "mountain folks" were "very friendly and hospitable to all strangers, who were always invited in for dinner and to spend the night."

During his lifetime, Beeson saw much change come to the southern Appalachian mountains which had become his home. The Appalachian Trail and Great Smoky Mountains National Park were created. He also witnessed changes in living conditions and the effects of anti-poverty programs both during the Great Depression of the 1930s and during the Great Society of the 1960s. In 1969, Beeson wrote of the changes for people living in the Poga community of Carter County, Tenn., "Now it is interesting to evaluate the advantages, in a general way, that such folks achieve from the Uplift; the better living conditions, educational facilities; more cleanliness, sanitation and health; — but change to a condition of discontent, uncertainty about the future, religious doubt and constant worry and dissatisfaction with things in general."

The Archives of Appalachia is interested in collecting other materials documenting mountain life and changes which have come to the area. For more information, contact Archives of Appalachia, Box 22,450A, East Tennessee State University, Johnson City, Tenn. 37614, phone (615) 929-4338.

—Norma Myers Thomas
and Marie Tedesco

From the Museum

The Reece Museum is named for a remarkable Tennessean, an ultimate "insider" who spent much of his life outside the area on behalf of East Tennessee.

Brazilla Carroll Reece was born December 22, 1889, on a farm near Butler in Johnson County, Tenn., one of 13 children. He was named for an ancestor, Major General Brazilla Carroll McBride, who fought in the War of 1812.

Reece received his bachelor of arts degree from Carson-Newman College in 1914, then enrolled at New York University for his master's.

In 1917, Reece enlisted in the Army, one month after this country entered World War I. As a lieutenant, Reece commanded the 3rd Battalion, 102nd Infantry of the American Expeditionary Force's 26th Division in some of the hardest fighting of the war. He rose to the rank of major, and was highly decorated for bravery in combat.

After Armistice, Reece returned to his pre-war position on the faculty of New York University where he became director of the school of commerce, accounts and finance. In 1928, he received the honorary law degree from Cumberland University and attended Tusculum College and Lincoln Memorial University where he received a doctor of humanities degree.

Reece was a Republican from the Democratic "Solid South"; his district, tucked away in the mountains in the extreme northeastern section of Tennessee, had been Republican since Civil War days.

Reece's first dealings with politics came in 1920 soon after he had returned from the war. He took on incumbent Sam R. Sells, a veteran of a decade in Congress. Presumably the rookie candidate had little reason to hope for victory, but he rode in on the coattails of Governor Alf Taylor.

In 1920 at the age of 31 Reece was the youngest member of Congress. He became associated with the isolationist wing of his party, voting against the draft in 1940 and against the Lend-Lease Act the following year. From 1940 on Reece served as a Republican National Committeeman and State Chairman for Tennessee.

Over the years, Carroll Reece suffered only two Congressional defeats. The first was in the campaign of 1930 when he was unseated by Oscar B. Lovette of Greeneville, who ran as an Independent catching Reece by surprise in a 10-day race, and carrying most of the Democratic and Independent votes. The second was in 1948 when, after having resigned his House seat and serving two years as National Party Chairman, he ran unsuccessfully for the Senate against Estes Kefauver.

After his return to Congress in 1950, Reece appeared less in the national limelight. His most publicized and controversial activity was in 1954 when he headed a special committee investigating tax-exempt educational and philanthropic foundations. An articulate and sometimes militant conservative, Reese also kept closely informed on pending legislation and twice left his sickbed to vote against successful Administration efforts to enlarge the powerful House Rules Committee, on which he served as a member of the Conservative Bloc.

While in Congress, Rep. Reece worked hard to earn lasting First district support. Most of Upper East Tennessee was still agricultural and far behind the rest of the country technologically and otherwise. Reece was devoted to bringing industry to Tennessee and encouraging advancement in the area. He was often present at groundbreaking ceremonies of new industrial plants such as the Strom plant in Erwin. Reece also attended the annual Memorial Day services at Mountain Home. He had a significant role in expanding TVA, the planning and building of dams in the area and Tennessee in general, and is credited with bringing federal monies into the district to build roads.

Reece entered the Bethesda Hospital in January 1961 for treatment of what was then believed to be pleurisy; however, it proved to be cancer. The 71-year-old Congressman died at Bethesda on March 19, 1961. Reece had served from the 67th Congress into the 87th Congress, the longest service of any man from the First Tennessee District in its history.

—Margaret Carr

Kevin

For you
I should've tried
a rap song.
That would surely please you.
But I wasn't raised for rapping
like Run DMC.
I can't quite catch the beat.
I don't like rhyming.
And besides,
I've lived too long
here in these mountains
to feel easy
making poems out of broken
glass
and ghetto jive
and wild erratic horns.

But you,
my son,
you walk the ridges
dreaming asphalt.
The clean smell of the pine trees
sets you longing
for hot gasoline
and melting tar
and diesel fumes.
You contemplate the mist
that settles in the hollows
and imagine buildings
moored in L.A. smog.
And so,
I give you what I can —
this poem
blending dulcimers
and drums
and keyboard synthesizers.
I sing you
red-winged maple seeds
and dark smoke
drifting
on the same free wind.

—Judy Odom

Judy Odom's work has appeared in ***Crescent Review, Homewords, Mississippi Arts and Letters*** *and* ***Now and Then****. She won the Sherwood Anderson award for fiction in 1986 and 1987. A high school English teacher in Johnson City, she was selected First District Teacher of the Year in 1988.*

Courtesy of Dot Jackson

Painting by Walter Woodin Mauldin in Miami, Fla., sometime in the 1920s.

The Ideal Home

Return from Flatland Exile

Dot Jackson

Brush had taken the fine corn fields of Chastain's Bottoms, along the Oolenoy River, and that is where it all caught up with me.

My parents had been gone from Pickens County for close to 60 years. They had gone before their children were born. The matter, of course, was money.

They left when the farms where they had grown up were about played out, their red dirt washed off the hills and slashed by gullies. My mother could have kept her job teaching school, but in that time it was an unseemly thing for a wife overtly to make the living.

As for my father, he was a man of many graces. Almost none of which provided money. Not here. He had a fine ear for music, but he had shot off three of his fingers as a child. He never learned, then, to fret the strings right-handed. So he made and fixed other people's fiddles and banjos and various other "boxes," as needed; he did these things for nothing, as a neighbor.

He built rabbit gums and bird traps; he was an artist with a piece of wood and a pocket knife. There just was, in that time, no money in it. Not here.

Of course there were the cotton mills. Anybody could go to town and work in the mill, live in the mill village. Lots of people walked away from the land, away from the corn rows and cotton rows, glad enough to spin for some guaranteed return, no matter how small, rather than to grub and gamble with the earth and sky and often lose.

But the other thing about the mill was this: there would be months that you went into that thumping brick netherworld before the sun came up, and you came out of it after the sun went down. And in there, somebody told you what to do and when to do it. Cotton mill bosses sassed people sometimes.

My daddy, orphaned at five, had come up very hard. Caught in a threatening place where someone acted biggety and rude, he always had his good hand in his pocket, his fingers tight around his knife. That is why my daddy could not go into the mill.

There was this other matter, too. My mother was not on the best of terms with her family. They had thought poorly of her marrying a man who had come up so hard and who kept one hand around his knife.

So once married they had gone to Atlanta and Palm Beach and Miami where a building boom was on. And in a way they did all right. My daddy built them a comfortable house, on a lot in a pasture that his research had shown him was the highest spot in Dade County, Florida: altitude 11 feet. The people on the lower slope of this pinnacle he referred to as "them people in the holler."

He built different sorts of houses for rich people. Some of these people had him build their furniture, too, pieces shaped and carved and inlaid with his knife.

My mother took fairly well to all of this. The streets and neighborhoods were alive with strange people, sometimes in strange clothes, whose words and ways she could not understand. But they interested and entertained her, gave her much to remark about and ponder on. Also, since she had suffered from tuberculosis as a girl, the warmth of the wintertimes made her grateful.

Still, there was that wistful eagerness

Ideal Home...

with which she embraced all people and all news from Home. There was the way she would say to Florida people who were going to the mountains for the summer, "Give the hills my love." One woman I remember looked at her, very puzzled. "The Hills? Do I know them?" the woman said. (The answer to that, most certainly, was No.)

Of visiting, job-hunting homefolks there were a gracious plenty in the hard Depression times. The porch of an evening would be full of them, the women rocking, the men perched on the steps and banisters, the soft air full of their laments, their Lucky Strikes and Camels glowing in the dark.

They were displaced persons with red dust still on their A Model Fords and homesickness in their hearts. Many of them, like my mama and my daddy, would never go Home to stay again. But oh, they would talk.

It was after my father died, old and cantankerous and out of place, that I knew I had to come home. Trouble was, in Carolina the jobs that paid were in the cities. Better that than another generation withering in the flats.

So I could work in Charlotte and come here and bring my children on the weekends, sometimes, when they were small. It was close to a 300-mile round trip, but it seemed like heaven.

When we finally got my mother back to Carolina, it was just weeks before she died. I wonder if she ever knew how close she was to home. When we would push her wheelchair out into the yard, and the wrens would be scolding, and the lilac bushes blooming, sometimes she seemed to know. She couldn't speak, but there would be a little glow in her eyes, a flicker of a smile.

When people die there is sometimes so much to do that mourning is pushed aside. When my father died I had a small child and an infant and was in the throes of morning sickness with the third. The family simply got through the funeral and visiting and the settling and leapt back into business as usual.

When my mother died there were teenagers with troubles, a job that would not quit and a marriage that was about to.

More and more time was taken up by jobs and other things that passed for Life. Kinpeople here in our own country died. When they were gone, I came here less and less.

And then here I was, back for a day in my family's hills. This time a magazine had sent me to write about the curious truth that yes, Dear Tourist, there are mountains in South Carolina.

I had spent the night in the campground at Table Rock State Park. Up with the larks the next morning, I started out to see what progress, in the shape of a hydroelectric project, had wrought in the Eastatoe Valley.

Turning down that shortcut through the Oolenoy bottoms was as natural as if I had driven that road only yesterday. Except the Chastains' fine, tended fields I used to covet, back when I was as young and green as the willows along the stream, were overgrown with years of weeds and saplings.

I thought about a precious photograph that hung on the wall of my office back in Charlotte. It had been made here, in this valley, long ago; it was a picture of two of my children with their blackberry buckets, trudging up the road toward the sunset-tinted face of Table Rock.

Along the roadside, in the picture, someone had planted a row of white pine seedlings that were then about head-high to a small child. Now, the trees had grown to a massive windbreak that shut the mountain off from view.

It was as the hymnist William Croft had written: Time, like this ever-rolling stream, had borne my blackberry-picking children away, into adult lives of their own. Time had taken my parents and their only other child. With considerable help from our fellow man, it had taken the valley in which my ancestral family lived in quiet self-sufficiency, before money, and thus jobs, became the be-all, end-all of existence.

And here, on this little winding road, its narrow, pot-holed identity threatened by encroaching briars and vines, I began at last to cry. All the way up the mountain I wailed aloud for my mother, and for the lonely, homesick old man who used to rock me on his lap, and for the little ones I used to rock on mine.

About seven weepy miles down into Eastatoe Valley, the road, which used to go another dozen miles or so to my Granny's, now came to an abrupt end. Well, it didn't really end. It went on, its faded yellow center line going deeper and deeper into the aquamarine of Keowee River, which was now a lake.

The old covered bridge we used to cross on was now gone. There was just an expanse of crystalline blue, rippled with the wakes of motorboats. Hilltops were now islands, linked by swags of high-tension wires that drooped from ranks of towering steel pylons.

I got out of the car and took off my shoes and walked out on the old road with little pearl-pale fishes nibbling at my toes. So strange, so changed.

But home.

Home.

It took another three years, but I bought this little old house within walking distance of where both my parents had been born. And one day I was hanging a picture my father had painted during his decades in flatland exile.

It was of a little cabin set against some blue mountains. We had always laughingly called his work of art "The Ideal Home." Now, after I drove a tack and hung it on the wall, I happened to look out of a front window. There it was — the identical setting. The three humps of Six Mile Mountain and an old cabin, still standing, that I pass by every day.

Never a rosy morning, nor an evening full of wood thrush song, may I forget to be thankful to be Home.

Dot Jackson is a reporter for the ***Greenville News-Piedmont*** *and lives in Six Mile, S.C. She wrote about the Pickens County Congressional Medal of Honor winners for our "Veterans" issue.*

inside, Looking OUT

Pat Arnow

Gary Carden

While I was teaching at Lees-McRae College in the 60s, a healthy percentage of the faculty was from "outside" the mountains. Some were enthralled by what they called "the Appalachian experience," and spent a considerable amount of time collecting folk tales and ballads. I frequently found myself in the ironic position of having my own culture explained to me. Hearty bearded chaps wearing Pendleton shirts and carrying tape recorders delivered little extemporaneous lectures on stoic fortitude, individuality and mountain wisdom. I had to remind myself that the idioms, colorful metaphors and customs described by these feverish historians were part of the heritage I had struggled to escape! There I sat in my little Sears-Roebuck suit listening to outsiders wax eloquent about Chaucerian dialect. My God! I had spent years trying to rid myself of the lazy "I" and "e," and quaint expressions like "peaked," and "gaunt" (pronounced to rhyme with "saint") and "fair complected" only to learn that they were infinitely respectable because they bespoke a rich cultural heritage! It was enough to make a grown man fall on the floor, bite his leg and whimper.

Eventually, the ballad collectors and oral historians went away, off to record Gullah or Cajun or Zuni songs and legends, leaving me to stew in my own juice. To a great extent, the frustration and anger that I felt at having my culture analyzed, interpreted and appreciated by transient scholars resembled that of Vietnam vets who found themselves seething with rage after seeing *Apocalypse Now* or *The Deerhunter*. It wasn't the inaccuracies that angered people; it was the glib arrogance of an evaluator who claimed to "understand" an experience that had left those who participated in the event bewildered and confused. How was I to account for the fact that I had failed to perceive the beauty and integrity of my own culture? Ignorance? A lack of sensitivity?

My frustration was compounded by the fact that I grew up in a time in which Appalachia was held in low esteem by insiders and outsiders alike. At school, the teachers encouraged us to abandon our mountain twangs and pursue college preparatory courses. We learned to be ashamed of homes without indoor plumbing, and my own grandfather would stare bleakly across his hillside farm and say, "Go to college, boy. This ain't no way to make a living." In college, instructors commented on my "quaint syntax," and students from urban areas found my "clodhopper walk" amusing. The change was painful, but I made it, emerging from the regional teachers' college with a behavior pattern that caused my Aunt Elsie to conclude that education had given me "the big head" and the belief that I was better than my own raising.

In my defense, I began to have serious doubts about newly acquired values while teaching English and speech in a North Georgia high school. My students had painstakingly prepared a five-minute speech on "Why I am an American." After two weeks of drill, there was not a single drawl, twang or apathetic vowel in the class. I was so pleased by their progress, I asked the principal to arrange a special chapel program in the auditorium. Following the program, the principal approached me in the lobby. "That was jest fine, Mr. Carden! Jest Fine!" Then, he looked a bit perplexed and added, "But tell me, why did they talk so funny?" He was right. They did talk funny. In fact, they sounded as though they had been imported. It occurred to

Inside Looking Out...

me that since we have to communicate with our friends and neighbors, it probably makes more sense if we speak in a familiar manner. So, I stopped much of the foolishness with enunciation and concentrated on logic, order and clarity.

Nevertheless, a decade later, I sat in the faculty lounge of a small college on the edge of Beech Mountain listening to a man from New Jersey talk about the levels of meaning in a local folk tale. It was a story I had heard all my life. As I listened, he used a pocket knife to cut a "chaw" from a bar of Day's Work and experimented with a few chords on his fretless guitar. Why was I so irritated? This man's rendition of the story and the music were very good. Exceptional, in fact. Why did it bother me that he could readily adapt to my culture? In some way, I feel demeaned, and perhaps....betrayed.

My father was a mountain musician who was murdered by a drunk when I was three. Shortly afterwards, my mother dressed me in my Sunday clothes and left me on the front porch of my grandparent's home. I grew up surrounded by musical instruments and a house full of old photographs. In a black trunk in the attic, I found my father's mildewed hats, dozens of ivory picks and packages of Black Diamond banjo strings. I was afraid to remove them because of my grandfather. He had never recovered from my father's death, and, as a consequence, would not allow any discussion of it. Accidental reminders would send him to the barn where he would stay for hours, staring at the Balsam mountains. Occasionally, he would play an old fiddle or sing hymns from an old shape-note songbook.

My grandfather observed that I did not bear the slightest resemblance to any member of my father's family. That, in conjunction with the fact that I was left-handed and had created a number of imaginary playmates, led my grandfather to conclude that I was totally a product of my mother's side of the family and therefore doomed. 'Bad blood, he called it. My forebears were drunks, suicides and murderers. When he repeated his conclusions to his sons and daughters, they would peer at me intently and nod as if to say, "Yes, now that you mention it, it's obvious." Occasionally, one of my uncles would observe that I stood, walked or laughed in a manner that reminded him of my mother's family: a retarded uncle, or a psychotic grandfather.

Here is the point, I think. In the midst of my grandfather's family, I became an *outsider*. Sundays, when the family would gather on the porch after dinner, became a purgatory for me. My Aunt Alva frequently discussed my general lack of talent and always concluded, "Mark my word! He will end up in reform school, the chain-gang or worse!" Were they kidding? More than 40 years later, I'm still not sure.

So, I grew to hate the man from New Jersey, perhaps because his transition was too easy. Effortlessly he acquired what I had cast aside, and then he showed me its immeasurable value. But most of all I hated him because he enjoyed a status that was denied me. He felt himself to be comfortably *inside*.

In later years, I went to work for the Cherokee Indians. There is an analogy, I think. I took solace in the fact that the lines were clearly drawn. All non-Indians are outsiders on an Indian reservation. Each day, the anthropologists and the oral historians wander the reservation. They record old tribal chants and question local medicine men about herbs and charms. Like the man from New Jersey, they interpret and analyze. However, there is a difference. They do not slide casually into the role of the Cherokee. When they attempt to sing the song, shoot the bow or mimic the dance-step, the old Indians smile and look away. The non-Indians become embarrassed and laugh at their own ineptness. They cannot do it. Their interpretations sound flat because in the final analysis they will never understand what the words mean.

Sometimes, when I see Cherokee elders turn from the oral history specialist and talk to each other in their own language, I stand with the other outsiders and imagine that this is like my grandfather's porch on Sunday. The words are gentle murmurs and the elders nod and smile in agreement. Are they saying, "Bad blood?" Are they saying, "He is so inept....no talent at all! Who does he remind you of? Remember the fool who came with the crystals last week!" They smile at the oral historian and nod.

Ken Murray

Cherokee Indian children dance at Banner Elk, North Carolina, festival.

Gary N. Carden worked for several years for the Cherokees in Cherokee, N.C. That experience provided the inspiration for his play, ***Uktena,*** *which was selected for production by the Atlanta New Plays Project in 1986. His new play,* ***The Rain-drop Waltz*** *is being produced this summer by the Kudzu Players at the Folk Art Center on the Blue Ridge Parkway.*

Barnetts

There was a green and white square metal rocker
on her grandmother's porch in Roan Mountain.
It screeked.

In the summer Maw Barnett
would sit in it
and look at her.

She lived in Johnson City.

Maw's eyes were blue like no blue she had ever seen,
her hair white and thick and fine and smooth
and tight in a flesh colored net.
Her skin was soft, and rested on her face
like snow on jutting rock.

Maw had been married at thirteen or fifteen
and had named eight or ten children,
and most of them still lived.
Vestal and Virgil and June and Elizabeth and Charlie.
Crick (for Crystal) and Mary.
And Brownlow. But nobody knew for sure about Brownlow

Maw sat there in that rocker like a bag of meal in a bin.

Sooner or later she would say to Vestal or Crick
or Elizabeth
"Now tell me again.
Who is Beth Ann a-datin' this week?
That boy from up Heaton Creek? No? That's right.
She quit him the other day for — who was it, now?"

Beth Ann's grandmother would provide the name.
It was always a new one.

Then Maw would say
"That Beth Ann. She's really somthin'.
You seen that outfit she wore up here the other day?
Made it herself. Makes all her own clothes."
And after that
"Beth Ann's a little — skinnier — than she is, ain't she?
She's sorta — chunky.
And taller. Beth Ann's taller, too. And pretty — law.
Yes. Beth Ann's sure a fine girl."

There was one thing more.
"Is SHE datin' any — yet?"

Elizabeth would answer (not very loudly)
"No, but she gets real good grades."
Then, remembering of a sudden, (her voice just a little louder)
"And she has a real pretty handwriting."

They all always, always turned to look.

Sometimes, in the summer,
she just didn't care
that Paw Barnett had run off every chance he got
to hunt and drink and dance and fiddle and pick his banjo
and had never farmed an acre of land he could call his own
in all his life.

—Amy Tipton Gray

Amy Tipton Gray is employed by Caldwell Community College in Hudson, N.C., where, among other things, she co-teaches a course on the history of country music.

Slaying the Mythical Kingdom

Bonny Stanley

Which of the following definitons of *Appalachian* (n.) is correct? 1) One born on a mountaintop in Tennessee, maker of moonshine, player of the dulcimer, slayer of the Queen's English (unless the queen is Elizabeth I), possessor of an eighth grade education, member of a snake handling religious sect, or 2) One born in a city who has always lived in a city, a Roman Catholic, one whose grandparents had college degrees, one who loves opera and isn't too fond of country music. Most people from outside the region would say, "Number One, of course; Number Two is a carpetbagger who moved into the area to work at Oak Ridge or TVA." Wrong. I'm not too sure where Number One lives except in the mythical kingdom of Appalachia Stereotypica, but, as a Two, born and bred in the Briar Patch of Knoxville, Tenn., as were many of my relatives going back to the 1700s, I know there are many like me all over Appalachia. Most of my life I thought I was just an ordinary Tennessean.

There has been a more urban, educated side to Appalachia for a long time, just as there have been colleges in these hills for many years: the University of Tennessee, founded in 1794; Emory and Henry College, 1838; Sewanee, 1857; Knoxville College, 1863; East Tennessee State University, 1911. There has been religious diversity too: The Roman Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, founded in Knoxville in 1855, is one of the oldest historical churches in the state; Jewish religious communities in Knoxville and the Tri-Cities date from the 19th century. Appalachians are a diverse group and have been from the earliest days. Yet misconceptions persist.

When I went off to school in Washington, D.C., in 1957, any number of people asked, "Are those your first pair of shoes?"

I answered, "No, do you have on your first pair?"

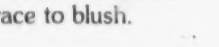
More recently, just two summers ago I attended a National Endowment for the Humanities Institute on the 16th century French essayist Montaigne at Duke University. After a while the questions arose: "How have you managed to travel so much coming from Tennessee?" "How in the world did you learn to speak French?"

I enjoyed answering, "My grandmother taught me French. She learned it as a child growing up in the hills of North Georgia. She used to read from her French Bible every night to keep up her proficiency."

"Well, you must be an exception to the rule where you live," they persisted.

"Not at all," I answered. "You're just thinking of Appalachian stereotypes. All of my friends are better educated and more cultivated than I."

A few had the grace to blush.



Bonny Stanley teaches English at East Tennessee State University.

Living in Appalachia

Adapting, Developing Community

Sylvia Attilli (second from left) in Sophia Meat Market, Sophia, West Virginia, in the 1940s.

1. Sylvia Attilli Basconi

Nearly a century ago the rate of population growth in West Virginia eclipsed that of the nation: Thousands of southern Europeans flocked to Appalachia for jobs in coal mining and railroading. Between 1910 and 1920, when immigration reached its peak, the largest portion of West Virginia's foreign-born population came from Italy.

Among them was Nicola Attilli, a young man from Perugia, Italy, who arrived in 1913 in search of a railroad job. He later became a merchant in the coalfields.

Attilli passed away years ago, but his daughter Sylvia, who worked in his stores, remembers her father's efforts to support his family as a railroad worker, a baker, a miner and a grocer. Sylvia Attilli Basconi is my mother-in-law. A retired storekeeper, she lives with her husband Americo in Beckley, W. Va.

Sylvia Attilli Basconi's Appalachian girlhood memories are bittersweet. She remembers delicious foods: the crusty Italian bread her father baked in his outside oven; the ricotta, provolone and romano cheeses he made from the family cow's milk; the home-made prosciutto and salami hanging to cure for the winter and the pasta her mother rolled out by hand with her "noodle stick."

Italian was the family's language; Basconi's mother, a homebody, knew only a few words of English. Holidays were celebrated as they were in Italy: On Christmas eve Fidalma Attilli made a special dish, baccala, from dried cod; for Christmas she would make the fruit-studded sweet bread, panettone. On Easter — the traditional time for cutting the sausage and opening the wines — Basconi's mother baked anise cake in the shape of the initials of her five children's names.

"We lived too far to even go to church," Basconi says, "but daddy always managed to get every one of us baptized (Catholic)."

There was also folklore from the old country. A red ribbon pinned to an infant's clothes warded off the *Male Occhio*, or Evil Eye. As another precaution, Mrs. Attilli kept a *cornita*, the Italian good-luck horn, hanging in the house.

There was warmth in the Italian communities that dotted the coalfields — first in South Clinchfield, Va., where Basconi was born, and later in the West Virginia towns of Thorn Hill, Matewan and Sophia. Basconi remembers her home as a gathering place for Italian families, with men playing cards, women visiting and children in lively play. Because so many Italians lived in the Thorn Hill area near McComas in the early 1920s, Basconi says their community got the nickname "Little Italy."

Even so, they were not at home. Basconi remembers how she and other Italian schoolchildren in McComas would eat outside, fearing their classmates would ridicule their meager lunch of Italian bread and lima beans.

She still recalls the name of the town doctor's daughter and the fine lunches she carried: white-bread sandwiches (with no crust), made with bacon, lettuce and tomatoes.

Basconi says Italian children — first-generation Americans — grew accustomed to being called "garlic snapper," "spaghetti bender," "dago," "wop," "hunky." They also got used to the fights that followed.

Those jeers made such an impression on young Basconi that, at 72, she still remembers the names of the boy whose nose was broken by her brother and of the girl she smacked in the fifth grade.

"When we lived at Thorn Hill, we had a girl, Myrtle Munsey was her name. I never will forget her," Basconi says. "She was an only child...this was an American family that lived among a bunch of Italians.

"She'd come up and play with us. My poor ol' mother, I don't care if 15 kids comes in a yard, when it's time to eat she'd feed 'em all."

As Basconi tells it, Myrtle liked the Italian meals and made it a point to be on hand for dinner every night. At school, where many of the children were Americans, things were different.

"After she come up to eat with us, she called me a hunky on the schoolground, and I smacked her," Basconi says. "She went in and told the principal about it, and he started to spank me. I said, 'That girl comes up at our house every night and eats supper with us. Eats our food and then comes down here and calls me a hunky? That's the reason I smacked her.'

"Do you know that evening she come up at the house, just like nothing happened? And I said, 'I dare you to go inside this gate.' "

"Hunky" — a slur against Hungarians — didn't fit, although numerous Hungarians had also emigrated to the West Virginia coal towns. "I guess it's just because they didn't know what nationality we were," Basconi says. "For a long time people thought I was Spanish."

The family moved to Matewan, in Mingo County, W.Va., where Nicola Attilli opened a store with Benny Accica in 1927. Accica, who knew Attilli's family back in Italy, emigrated from the Umbrian town of Norcia in 1921.

The partners rented their building from another Italian, who warned them not to do business with the local bank. Accica and Basconi recall how the town banker, in retaliation, reported the pair for having wine during Prohibition. According to Basconi, "we moved in on a Wednesday, and the police came in with a search warrant on Sunday."

"The law looked in the basement, even the trunk," Accica says. "We were just making a little wine now and then, just for holidays...just for home use. We never sold any. The guy just wanted to show if we do something wrong, they'd pay you back.

"He tried to get us in the crack. In Prohibition, you could go to jail for that. Back in the old country, we were raised on wine because it's all we had, mostly. It was a way of life. We happened not to have any (when the authorities came). We didn't make any more after that. We knew what was going on."

The store in Matewan did a healthy business among the area's immigrants. People from Spain and Poland as well as Italy bought foods they couldn't get elsewhere. Basconi remembers stocking Spanish chorizo sausage and garbanzo beans, plus 20-pound boxes of spaghetti.

"We had the merchandise because we knew what they liked. They couldn't find it in the American stores," remembers Benny Accica, who still lives near Matewan, in Red Jacket, W. Va.

The spaghetti boxes were unmistakable when customers carried them along Matewan's only street, and some patrons found themselves ridiculed by American children.

"People would make fun of them," Basconi says. "So then they got so they said we had to wrap the boxes. But they knew what they was carrying even though they was wrapped. So *then* what they'd do was come up early, pick up the spaghetti box, go down by the river bank and hide it, and then they'd go down pick it up of a night after it'd get dark. Because they would call them hunkies and dagos and spaghetti benders, ol' garlic eaters. But buddy, just like I say, we'd catch 'em, we'd beat 'em up."

Accica, who came to this country at 17, took the ridicule in stride. Now 84, he says he felt like an outsider only "two, three years, maybe five. But it wear off.

"They feel you got no business here. But not now," he says. "There's a lot of traffic, people moving on, to different parts of the country. Sixty years ago it was a lot different than it is now."

Basconi, who fought off the insults as a young schoolgirl, likes to put it all behind her. Nowadays, she agrees that prejudice has faded as Italians and other immigrants have married into the local population.

"If they just stop and think, everyone's some kind of mixed-up foreigner," she says. "No one's a true American but the poor Indians, and I think they got a dirty deal. They got kicked out of their country."

—Mary Alice Basconi

Mary Alice Basconi is a freelance writer living near Johnson City, Tenn.

Americo and Sylvia Basconi, 1988.

2. Ida Ginsburg

Ida Jean Kain was a consummate New Yorker. While still in her 20s, she wrote a daily newspaper column that was syndicated in 78 newspapers across the country. When she needed a break she'd take a walk down Fifth Avenue. And when she married Julius Ginsburg in 1939, her friend Fiorello LaGuardia, New York's colorful mayor, performed the ceremony, and the publisher of the *Herald Tribune* stood as a witness.

The bride and her physician husband moved to Ellis Island where he worked at the Public Health Service Hospital. The staff house where the couple lived, Ginsburg remembers, "was magnificent with gold fittings." Though her new mother-in-law didn't exactly approve of a woman holding a job after marriage, Ginsburg continued working at the *Herald Tribune*, commuting to Manhattan every day by ferry.

Moving to a small town in East Tennessee was not something Ida Ginsburg would have thought much about. But because the strain of work and city life was causing her husband health problems, the couple began looking for a less hectic place to live. Dr. Ginsburg accepted a job at the Mountain Home Veterans Administration Hospital in Johnson City.

Ida Ginsburg had never before seen the South. She remembers, "When we drove into Mountain Home, it was paradise. It was the last day of April, 1951, and the dogwoods on Dogwood Avenue were blooming. It was just like heaven had opened up."

But it was not an easy move for a Northeastern urbanite. At first, she admits, "I was miserable." When the VA hospital director asked where her furniture was stored so that he could send for it, she didn't want to give the address. She said, "I don't think I'll do that because I'm not sure I'm going to stay here."

Nothing in her cosmopolitan background — except affection for her husband — prepared Ginsburg to live in East Tennessee. Born in Worcester, Mass., in 1909, of a Russian immigrant father and a first generation American mother, she was reared in an Orthodox Jewish household. Yiddish was her first language, and she learned English when she went to kindergarten. With a degree in home economics in 1927 from Simmons College in Boston, she went to work for Lever Brothers, then to the test kitchens at the *Herald Tribune* Home Institute. After she received her

Ida and Julius Ginsburg before departing for Johnson City, Tennessee, April, 1951.

How to Keep a Kosher Househ

It's not easy.

Most Jews today don't try following the strict dietary codes set forth by Jewish law. It's an exacting, time-consuming process, even in large cities that have kosher food available. And in an area like Upper East Tennessee, the process takes real dedication.

Mickey Grossman never thought twice about whether she would continue to keep kosher when she and her family moved to Johnson City 12 years ago. "It's a way of making your religion a daily part of your life," she says.

In her North Side home filled with a menagerie of pets she takes a break in her schedule as an occupational therapist and mother of three to talk about how she follows the dictates of the Old Testament.

"Kosher is outlined in Leviticus. It says not to eat the calf in the milk of its mother." In a kosher household that means milk products and meat products are never eaten in the same meal. Dishes and utensils for milk products must never be used for meat, and dishes for meat must never be used for milk products. Over the years Grossman has collected two sets of every kind of kitchen accoutrement, which she carefully keeps separated: milk dishes in right cupboards, meat dishes in the left.

To be kosher, meat also must be slaughtered in a special manner. "When the meat is kosher-killed, it's killed very quickly and painlessly; that's the main concern — then the blood is drained out and the meat is cut up and inspected by rabbis. We're not supposed to eat blood. There can't be any blemishes or disease. The meat and poultry are soaked in water and salted with kosher salt, coarse salt, to dry out the blood."

The only animals that may be eaten are those that "chew their cud and split the hoof" (which means pork is out — pigs don't chew cud). "Fish have to have fins and scales, which means no shrimp or lobster, and no scavenger fish. Birds of prey and scavenger animals are also excluded."

Most of her food, except meat, Grossman can buy at the supermarket here, including vegetables, fruit and cheese. But she does have to be careful. "I've been reading labels for years." For instance, "Beef fat is in all sorts of things, including icings and cake mixes. Even Ritz crackers." (The fat would be from cows that were not kosher-killed.)

She looks for special symbols sometimes found on packages. *Pareve* means a product contains neither milk nor meat products. "Like an egg would be *pareve*." A product that is kosher, and there are a few to be had at area supermarkets, is marked with a "K" or a "U" with a circle around it.

Getting meat is the hardest part. The nearest kosher butcher is in Charlotte, N.C. "The first thing I did

masters degree in journalism from Cornell, she began writing her own column about food. To help people deal with shortages of protein, she and Mayor Laguardia also broadcast a weekly radio show about nutrition.

Johnson City was a different milieu entirely. "You couldn't go to a museum. You couldn't go to the theater. There wasn't even a decent movie. There were so many things that weren't available that we'd been used to. We used to get care packages from my parents — pumpernickel bread, salami, all kinds of dried peas and beans, things you couldn't find here then."

The publisher of the *Johnson City Press-Chronicle*, Carl Jones, knew Ida Jean Kain from a publishers' meeting in New York, and his paper carried her column. When he heard that she was unhappy in Johnson City, he offered her a part-time job at the newspaper. She was glad for the work, but after four years she felt compelled to quit because she had to "make like the wife at Mountain Home."

She became involved with entertaining and civic organizations — the way women were expected to do in the 1950s. She joined the Business and Professional Women's Club, Monday Club, the League of Women Voters and the public library's board of trustees.

The Ginsburgs also became active in the one synagogue that served the Tri-Cities, in Blountville. "We never belonged to any structured religious group in New York, but coming here we needed some identification."

For the members of the congregation she baked great quantities of egg braid bread — challah — a culinary treat in which she takes pride. Over the years in Johnson City, she made friends inside and outside the Jewish community with people of all backgrounds and ages.

It took "at least 10 or 12 years" for Ginsburg to feel completely at home. But she eventually felt rooted. When her husband retired, they decided to remain in Johnson City, and when Dr. Ginsburg died in 1972, Ida Ginsburg still did not consider moving.

She explains that a big city would cost too much. "I couldn't live anywhere else as nice as I live here." And she's convinced that because of the strain of urban life, she wouldn't have lived to her 79 years in a city. The community has been all-important. "I have lots of friends, and this has sustained me."

Ida Ginsburg

Though she no longer bakes challah, Ginsburg still prepares delicious meals for her friends and oversees a lush garden in her North Johnson City brick home. She has a strong voice, strong good looks and walks three miles a day.

Looking back on her long period of adjustment and the contentment she feels here now, she reflects, "This is where I live. You pick out the best things. It grows on you."

—Pat Arnow

old in Johnson City, Tennessee

when I moved here was buy a big freezer." Then she bought another. Every time she visits a big city, Grossman brings back boxes full of kosher meat.

Eating out at restaurants also takes special care. Most fast food is not allowed, not even French fries because they're often cooked in beef fat. (Grossman always checks.) Generally in restaurants she orders salads or fruit plates. "If I were Orthodox, I would not eat anything out except an apple and maybe a hardboiled egg. But I'm trying to live in today's society too. I do the best I can." As a Conservative Jew, Grossman does not adhere to Jewish law as strictly as Orthodox Jews.

Her children, David, 23, Joel, 19 and Wendy, 13, also try to keep kosher. Grossman says they do it by choice even though it causes some problems. "They get teased a lot." And they have to exercise self-restraint. For instance, when Wendy's teacher brought in cookies for the class, Wendy didn't have any because they were from McDonalds, which makes them with beef fat.

But she knows her children can handle the problems. "I managed, and all those before managed."

She tells how her father, when he was a GI during World War II, managed by trading other soldiers his meat for cheese. Grossman herself always carried her lunches to school in Asheville, N.C., where she grew up. In college, at American University in St. Louis, Missouri, she kept special food in her dorm room.

Taking the trouble to keep kosher and being an observant Jew gives Grossman the sense that she is linked with her heritage. She could also claim a Southern Appalachian heritage. Her grandfather, David Schandler came to Asheville in 1912. He opened a delicatessen, and his family became an integral part of the community. Her parents took over his enterprise, Schandler's Pickle Barrel, and were always involved with civic and social functions in Asheville. Yet Grossman does not think of herself much as Southern or mountaineer.

She doesn't feel terribly linked to her personal family history either. Like many other Jews, her forbears emigrated to the United States at the turn of this century from Eastern Europe. Her family history has faded. "I can't trace my family back any further than my grandparents and maybe one or two great-grandparents. I don't know names or what they did or anything about them." But Mickey Grossman maintains her heritage in a wider sense, through religious customs. "I love the tradition. Through traditions I am able to have some roots."

—Pat Arnow

3. Tom Huang

How long have the Chinese known about the Southern Appalachians? The ginseng trade has been going on since the late 18th century, but until very recently there was seemingly little else to attract Chinese migrants to this part of this world. However, with the exodus of middle-class educated Chinese to Taiwan and elsewhere after the establishment of the People's Republic of China in 1948, and with the continuing interest of such people in scientific and technical careers, and even more recently, because of exchange programs linking Chinese and American universities, the Chinese population of the Southern Appalachian region has been growing. Admittedly a small and not very obvious minority, Chinese in Appalachia are most likely to be found in professions such as medicine, science and engineering, working for universities, hospitals and large industries.

Huang De Xing and Chen Sou Mei with their son, Dao Xing, in Chungking, 1940. Dao Xing (Tom Huang) now teaches chemistry at East Tennessee State University. He lives in Johnson City with his wife, Janice and their children, Margaret, a student at Georgetown University, and Steven, a senior at University High. Huang De Xing, who is now 84, also lives with the family. Chen Sou Mei has passed away.

How does living in the Southern Appalachians affect the social and cultural lives of Chinese professionals and their families? How do they maintain any semblance of identity and continuity with Chinese culture in this alien environment? To get answers to these questions, I called upon the chairman of the ETSU Chemistry Department, Dr. Thomas Huang, who has lived and worked in the upper East Tennessee area for more than 20 years.

Tom Huang, whose actual Chinese name is *Dao Xing* ("bearer of the truth") was born in Chungking in 1939. His father Huang De Xing, an accountant in a government office, and his mother, Chen Sou Mei, were both natives of Hubei Province. Huang has vague memories of the celebrations which erupted in Chungking in 1945 following the end of the Japanese occupation. He recalls a little of his family's escape from the mainland to Taiwan, especially the boat ride from Shanghai and the seemingly endless train ride from the north end to the south end of the island.

The Huang family was able to re-establish itself on Taiwan in reasonably comfortable circumstances. His father began teaching accounting at Taiwan National University and worked his way up to vice-president for administration, a position he held for 20 years.

Like many Chinese students of his generation, Tom Huang felt obligated to pursue a career in science despite his love and talent for vocal music. "Of course, in China at that time, if you were a good student, you couldn't possibly major in music. So I didn't really consider it seriously because the society put so much pressure on the students — if they could do well academically, they should go into science."

After completing a bachelor's degree in chemistry at Taiwan National University, Huang accepted a fellowship from the University of Illinois and came to the United States in 1962. His English teacher at the University of Illinois was a native of Johnson City who helped his student obtain a teaching assistantship at ETSU.

I asked him to describe his initial impressions of this area. He responded, "Oh yes, I thought East Tennessee was a beautiful area. People were very friendly, and I didn't experience any prejudice, even though during that particular time black people and white people were separated — had to drink coffee in different sections of the bus terminal. Personally, I have never really experienced any type of prejudice."

Despite some inevitable homesicknesses and culture shock, Huang adjusted well to life in Johnson City and was delighted to return to the area with his wife when he was offered a fulltime position on the ETSU chemistry faculty in 1971 after completing graduate work in Illinois.

There were only a very few other speakers of Mandarin Chinese in the area when Tom Huang joined the ETSU faculty, but since the mid-70s there has been a marked increase in the Chinese population. Aside from the Chinese faculty members and students at ETSU, there are now also a substantial number of medical doctors, scientists and engineers in the Tri-Cities.

To preserve some sense of cultural continuity, he helped establish a group called the Appalachian Chinese Association about 15 years ago. As Huang explained, "It has been founded primarily because we like to promote the Chinese cultural background and we want our children to recognize our roots. We want them to know a little bit about China. Seven, eight years ago, we started a Chinese school for the Tri-Cities. We have one class for the older kids and another one for the younger ones. The classes usually last three to four hours and include language drilling, some music, singing in Chinese, a little bit of sports, and Chinese games."

The Appalachian Chinese Association also celebrates Chinese holidays and provides much-needed opportunities to reconstruct a Chinese social environment, if only occasionally. Living in predominantly non-Chinese milieu creates identity problems to which some Tri-Cities Chinese adapt better than others, and being able to retreat, at least temporarily, to the relative security of the Appalachian Chinese Association helps to provide emotional security and communal solidarity.

Huang reported that Chinese-

Larry Smith

Tom Huang

speaking Protestants can also partake of the fellowship of the Tri-State Chinese Christian Association, which draws its membership from upper East Tennessee, Southwest Virginia and Western North Carolina and holds services in Chinese at Central Baptist Church in Johnson City.

Asked about similarities and differences between Chinese and Appalachian cultural values, Huang believed that both Chinese and Appalachians find great emotional security in their families. But the Chinese generally tend to stress academic achievement while Appalachians tend to be more oriented towards vocational education.

Huang has been instrumental in helping his fellow Chinese in all walks of life feel more at home in Appalachia, and he has helped bring more Chinese faculty and students to ETSU. And he has made a successful adjustment to life in America while still maintaining a positive and vital connection with his Chinese heritage.

—Richard Blaustein

4. The Phil-Am Club

The Philippines was never my homeland, but when I am among Filipinos it sometimes seems like home to me. My Filipina mother came to this country in the early 1950s to attend graduate school. She met my father, an American, and set out to become a housewife and mother in the South.

Homesickness got the best of her in 1961. My parents took their three small children across the Pacific for a summer, staying in the Philippines through the birth of their youngest child.

I was only four then, but I remember clearly the tropical showers in the afternoon; women thrashing rice for supper in round, flat baskets; the street vendor crying "*Balut*!" each evening as he peddled a native egg delicacy through the town. And in my church school, the orderly ranks of students pledging loyalty to their flag under the morning sun.

Seven years have passed since I last visited that country, but I have picked up the Filipino habit of spotting countrymen at stores, in church, on the street. This is how I heard about a Phil-Am Club in Upper East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia. Its existence here didn't surprise me; everywhere there are Filipinos in America, it seems there are Phil-Am clubs.

It is easy to understand why. While American culture is rooted in a love for independence, life in the Philippines centers around community and family. In that sense, these immigrants share a bond with their Appalachian neighbors, who buck current trends by nurturing strong family and regional ties.

In other ways the cultures are profoundly different. The Filipino world is an Asian culture carrying Spanish undertones. And while immigrants in larger cities find solace in ethnic neighborhoods, here foreigners must blend as best they can into small-town Appalachian life.

But at the Phil-Am club's seasonal celebrations, marked by glorious native cuisine and traditional Filipino games and dances, it is the Anglo-American who feels out of place. What these parties capture is the essence of the Philippines — the warmth of the people, the smells of the special cooking and the musical lilt of the language.

These gatherings offer a new immigrant a hearty welcome from people who know what it is to move so far from home, people who know exactly what they've given up in leaving.

Ted Cruz, an Elizabethton, Tenn., physician, stands beneath a tinsely Filipino star on the stage of St. Mary's School in Johnson City. He is wearing the *Barong Tagalog*, the traditional white shirt men wear for formal occasions. He is trying to address a crowd of merrymakers at the Phil-Am club Christmas party.

"I know you have heard a report of violence and killing in the motherland," he tells the group. "They are happening, but they are not as bad as they say in the newspaper."

Cruz, an ardent supporter of Philippine President Corazon Aquino, speaks of the government's progress and the "investment opportunities" back home.

In the back of the hall, another Filipino scoffs. "I'm an Enrile man," he says, referring to one of Mrs. Aquino's rivals, military man Juan Ponce Enrile. In this way, politics and celebration entwine in a classic Filipino style.

Cruz steps aside so the entertainment can begin: his young son, Jeffrey, belting out the theme song from "La Bamba"; a series of dances representing different regions of the Philippines; and a romantic Filipino love song from club president Betty Childress.

The dancers are resplendent in colorful, sequined native gowns. Their performance includes such favorites as the bamboo dance of the Philippines' Visayan islands — a dangerous-looking number in which steps are taken between clacking bamboo poles. The dance depicts a long-legged bird, trying to jump from one rice stalk to another to get its food.

Next, a beauty contest. Contestants are men in drag; the audience hoots and howls. Again, politics: An emcee introduces a paunchy, hairy-legged contestant as Miss Hawaii, "Imelda." Wild laughter erupts at this joke on the former first lady of the Philippines.

The Phil-Am Club was founded in 1982 and draws members from all over the region — from Greeneville to Elizabethton in Tennessee, from Richlands and Wise to Bristol in Virginia. A handsome young couple — the club's newest arrivals from the

Phil-Am...

Philippines — drives to this party all the way from South Carolina.

"The group is getting bigger and bigger as people keep coming in," says Ted Cruz. "In fact, we have five new physical therapists at the hospital — they were some of the dancers. That's how they remember the dances. They just got here," he says.

Cruz says people "just hear about the club. They know there will be Filipinos wherever they go."

What makes it special is its non-elitist air. No matter who you are or what your position, you are welcome if you are Filipino or merely appreciate Filipino culture.

Some of the club members are like Cruz, medical professionals who have found jobs in the hospitals of Appalachia. Others are women who married American military people they met back home. Except for the children, most Phil-Am members were born in the Philippines and still speak with a unique Filipino cadence.

But the children born here often speak with American accents, sometimes picking up the mountain twang. One youngster is described as having "two voices," one for home and one for outside.

At the party young children are running about — endearing with their thick dark hair, wide dark eyes and button noses. Teenagers have come to this celebration, too, although some say the events are more fun for the youngsters.

One man explains how he and other Filipinos give traditional Filipino dance performances in local schools.

"People in the Appalachian area have not seen much of this thing," he says. "It is very different from the Appalachian culture. One student (in Southwest Virginia) said to me, 'It's very nice. I'll start looking for things in the library about the Philippines.' It was an eye-opener for them."

Carmen Guererra Spratt is happily exchanging addresses with several women. This is her first club event. She was spotted in the Johnson City mall by some club members who invited her to the party.

"She's 30 years my junior," says her husband, Ray Spratt, who retired from his Navy civil service job in the Philippines in 1983.

Performers at the Phil-Am Club's annual Christmas party, St. Mary's School, Johnson City. *Left to right:* Mally Cruz, Betty Childress, Alda Crumley, and Laling Legg.

Spratt says he met his wife in her home of Olongapo City, where she worked as a cashier and sometime waitress at the Chopstick Cafe. They got along, and when Spratt popped the question, she accepted.

Married for five years, the Spratts moved to Elizabethton after leaving homes in Kentucky and Louisiana. Carmen Spratt likes it here better than anywhere else she has lived in this country.

"She thought she'd feel like an outsider, but it wasn't like that at all," Ray Spratt says proudly.

Carmen Spratt hasn't always felt so at home. In Kentucky she missed the company of other Filipinos; in Louisiana, where she detected anti-Vietnamese sentiment, she was mistaken for a Vietnamese.

"I notice people here are friendly — they greet you every time they see you. But there (in Louisiana), they just look at me from the bottom to the top because I'm different, and they don't like Vietnamese," she says. "We have Filipinos here. I don't feel like I'm a stranger here anymore."

She likes the club. "It reminds me of where I come from," Carmen Spratt says.

One teen, who lives in a small Appalachian city, says most people she knows accept her without hesitation. There are exceptions, and it can be irritating: "locals" at school who bluntly ask, "What are you?" or the people who assume she's Japanese.

I'm a big deal here," she says disparagingly. "But still, I'm used to going up to white people here and just talking. I think, 'What would it be like if I went to a place like San Francisco?' I went to California and visited some relatives there. It seemed like Filipinos there didn't intermix as much (with Anglos)."

She sees herself as "more American than my dad would like me to be," but certainly Filipino at heart. She points out that the concentration of Filipinos at the party belies the reality — that she lives in a predominantly Anglo world.

"This, I'm exposed to twice a year," she says. But it is an important connection.

"I'm an American citizen, but I'm a Filipino. I act like an American, I do American things, but I'm still Filipino."

Hearing her words, and surrounded by the Phil-Am club members, I find myself for an instant feeling the same way.

When she was born in 1956, Mary Alice Basconi became the first American in her mother's family. She now has many Filipino-American relatives across the country.

The Disappeared

I.
As I see it from my window,
I am impressed
by my neighbor's laundry,
the socks hung in pairs,
pastel cuffs
matching like new toys.

She certainly has vision,
my neighbor,
though she appears
to retain as much
capability for chaos
as I. Her garage roof sags,
her car seeps rust,
her man went
to South America,
and she plays Chopin,
by herself,
in the afternoon
passionately,
and with mistakes.

Notes stumble
and rise
to me

I am here and things grow
together without regard
for form or orderliness.

I am in fact growing
to the carpet, flesh straining
toward earth,
gravity pulling my breasts
and spreading out my feet.

I am almost disappeared
not mother not virgin
not wife not lover
not whore.
Woman living alone
in a round
of pain

notes and bones,
notes and bones.

II.
On the screen of my TV,
flecked like my hair,
Argentina
and the women
called "las locas"
circle the town square.
In Argentina they are crazy,
they leave their kitchens
leave

children
whose eyes blink loss,
children who carry
other children
on hips not yet round.

Las Locas go round on the screen,
they must remember fields, how flesh
feels dirt.

They mourn
los desaparecidos

the husband los maridos
the children los niños y las niñas
the sons los hijos

lie in mass graves,
bones without skulls
in Argentina,
in Kampuchea,
in El Salvador.

image by image disappears
into the blown world.

And now on the screen they say
a woman nearby

raped, dead, head stuffed
into a toilet
at the University.

They have bound her hands and feet,
they have numbered all her bones.

The general drinks from a cup
of gold, counts
tongues, fingers, ears, and bones
like forks.

III.
The University rises
from my window, Euclidean color
of bone over

my neighbor's socks, the sag of history
and rooves. And despite the forced
memory, the black Arthurian
idyll, the notes
still crack

My life
open
like
an egg.

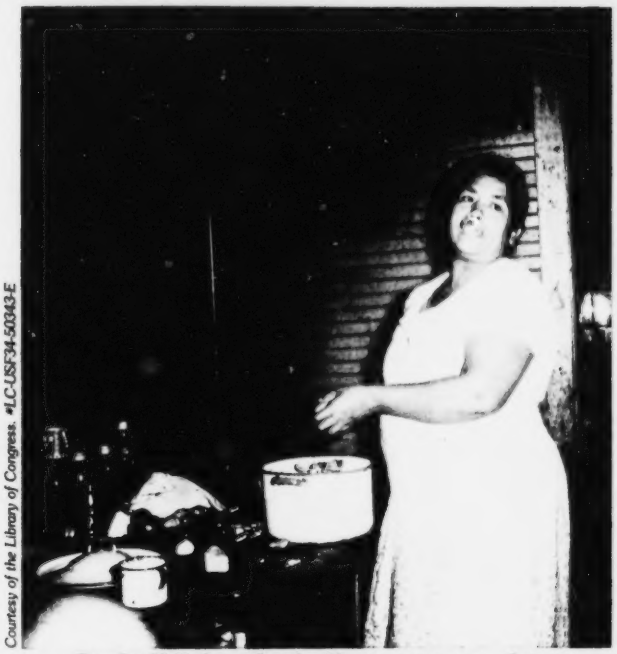
—Ann Kilkelly

Ann Kilkelly teaches at Transylvania University in Lexington, Ky., and is a dancer and writer.

INSIDERS/OUTSIDE

Courtesy of Virginia Sylvers

(l-r) Elizabeth Ann Hampton, Margaret Dudley, Nancy Rhea and Mary Williams, Jonesborough, Tenn., late 1940's.



Courtesy of the Library of Congress. #LC-USF34-50343-E

Bertha Hill the wife of a Mexican miner making stew, Scott's Run, W. Va., September, 1938. Photo by Marion Post Wolcott for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Farm Security Administration.

Courtesy of the National Archives #46-157-L

Mrs. Martin Majerczyk, wife of retired miner. They still live in the company house which has been their home since 1914. They have five rooms for which they pay $16.40 monthly rent. This fee includes cost of electricity and garbage collection. They have running water and sink in kitchen but no bath or inside toilet. Martin Majerczyk was a miner for about 40 years. The son is now a miner and his family shares the house with his parents.
Photo by Russell Lee, Gary, McDowell County, W. Va., August, 1946.

Nicola and Fidalma Attilli and four of t
W. Va., in the 1920's. Sylvia, who is pr
on the far ri

21

ERS NOW AND THEN

Ken Murray

Cherokee Indian child with blow gun at festival in Banner Elk, N.C.

Aaron Schandler, owner of a delicatessen and kosher meat market, Schandler's Pickle Barrel, Asheville, N.C., 1980. After Schandler died in 1983, the Pickle Barrel closed. Daughter Mickey Grossman describes how to keep a kosher household on page 12.

r five children, Thorn Hill,
ed on page 10 is standing

Larry Smith, ETSU University Relations

Fiddler Delmer Harrington, Bristol, Va., and friends perform at the 1987 Homefolks Festival at ETSU.

Meeting of Minds

from *Crazy Quilt: A Novel*

Gurney Norman

Author's note: This piece is from ***Crazy Quilt****, a novel I have been working on for a good many years. My hero, Wilgus Collier, is a 48-year-old semi-alcoholic weekly newspaper editor in fictional Blaine, Ky., a veteran of Chicago in 1968, divorced, depressed, recently-broke-up again, who for a year has driven once a week from his hometown in the mountains to see his shrink in Lexington outside the mountains. Wilgus, an "insider," must go "outside" for his healing to a "middle class" Esalen-type clinic.*

I think of this novel as an attempt to reconcile the traditional and the modern, the "old" and the "new" as discordant elements not only in contemporary Appalachian or American life, but indeed, in the life of the whole world in our time.

Between what we think and what we are able to say: what we see in our mind's eye, and the words we find to speak about it: language: mental process.

Here at Bluegrass Clinic we ponder such things, in the evenings and early mornings and during the breaks between the sessions.

Sometimes we ponder them during the sessions.

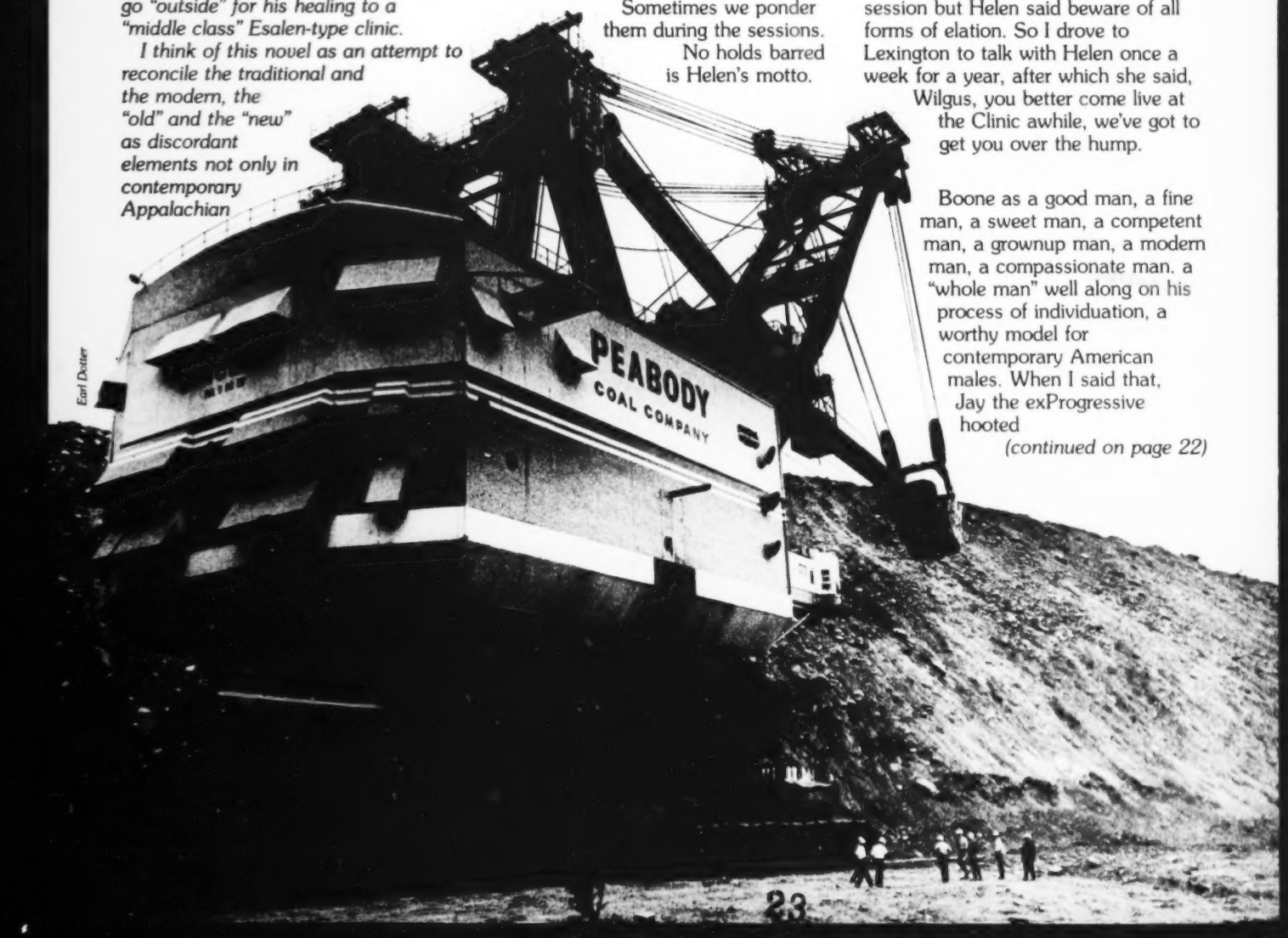
No holds barred is Helen's motto.

Helen was my shrink for awhile in the late 70s. When I went back to her in '86 I asked her if she remembered my litany of childhood traumas and grownup problems. Refresh my memory, she said. I gave her a quick summary but it all sounded so hilarious in the re-telling we both cracked up before I got halfway through it. War. Funerals. Loss. Grief. Tragedy. Boo hoo hoo. I felt completely healed after that one session but Helen said beware of all forms of elation. So I drove to Lexington to talk with Helen once a week for a year, after which she said,

Wilgus, you better come live at the Clinic awhile, we've got to get you over the hump.

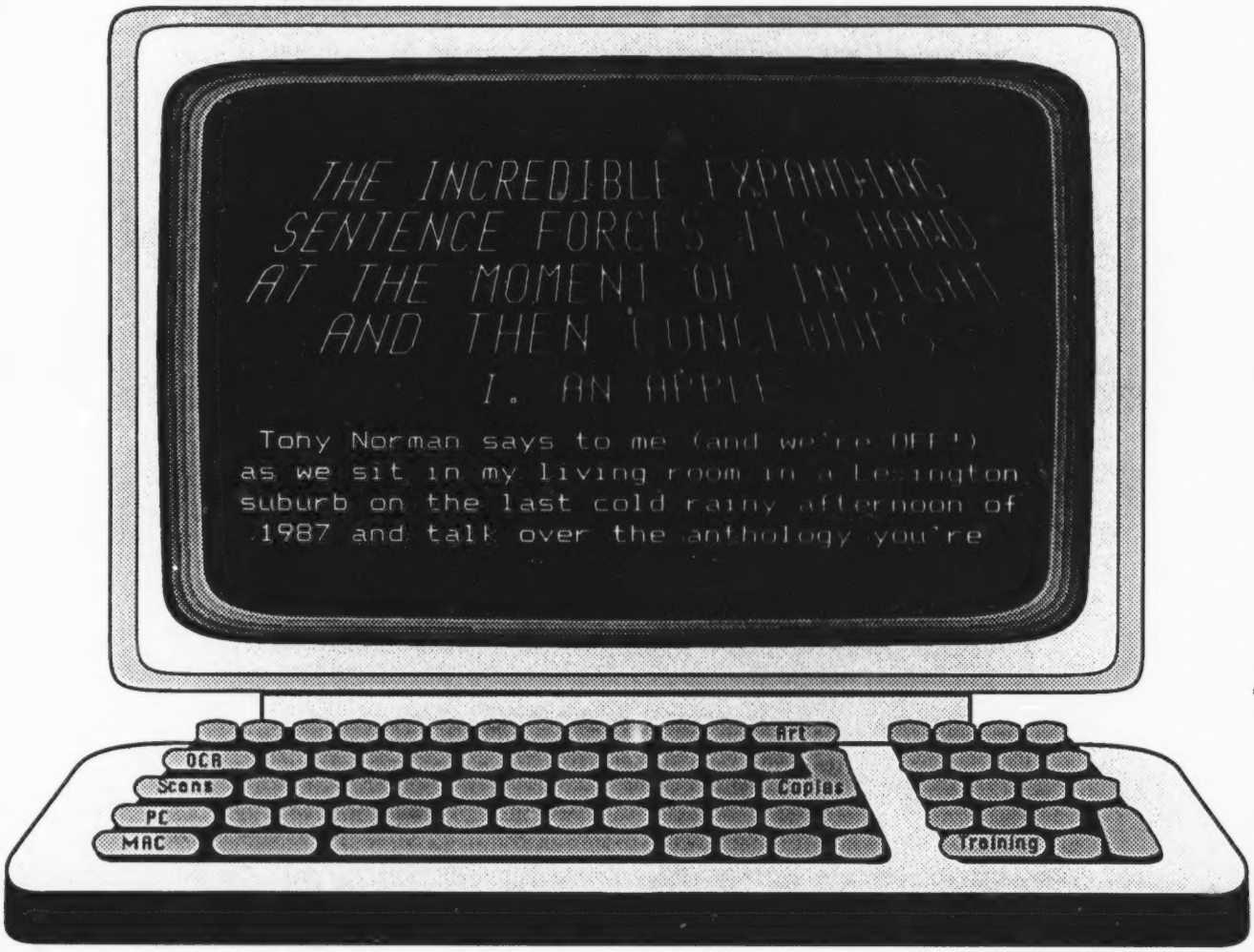
Boone as a good man, a fine man, a sweet man, a competent man, a grownup man, a modern man, a compassionate man. a "whole man" well along on his process of individuation, a worthy model for contemporary American males. When I said that, Jay the exProgressive hooted

(continued on page 22)



Earl Dotter

Lance Olsen



now holding in your hands, each of us cupping a warm mug of cinnamon-raisin cider, I'll give you an apple and you give me an orange back if you want or give me a peach it doesn't matter but here's the nugget here's the heart here's what we're going to do

II. COMPUTER GRAPHICS

and that evening, this evening, December 31, 1987, at 9:11 p.m., chilly drizzle falling outside, delicate clacking and humming noises around me, I hunch before the pearl excitation of phosphors on my computer upstairs in my den and conclude that the point seems to be that my life has twisted itself into a DNA thread of narrative conventions, a double-helix where my eyes have ironed into similes and my tongue has stuttered into alliteration so that worse than a wordman I have become the static of strangers, so that worse than a thoughtman I have become the mouth cave for others, dragging the scroll bar up and down the glowing void looking for a proper place to start, momentary flutter down among the vital organs that this is the time my fingers won't move

III. THE SENTENCE TAKES AN IMAGINATIVE TURN

but then something crouching at the base of the skull something lurking at the base of the skull something hunkering down at the base of the skull leaps, pitches up, charges at me howling through synapses and hooting through dendrites, flashpoints sparkling like neutrinos, nerves dying in abundance, exquisite showers of gold, and then this: our cabin whirling up at me, our cabin sissing up at me, 70 (10:43 p.m.) miles to the east, in Meniffee county, first on a highway and then on a series of winding and increasingly hilly and woody backroads through towns with names like Camargo and Grants Lick, past fields of yellow-green tobacco and the Primitive Baptist Church which is no larger than a small sagging garage and the Lucky Stop Pentacostal Barn which doubles as a used-car lot and block letters in white paint on the side of another gray barn that spells SECULAR HUMANISM IS THE DEVIL'S WORK!!! and into and out of the last town, Frenchberg, which consists of a Methodist church and a Piggly Wiggly Food Mart and a post office and Mom's Kuntry Kitchen, running out of paved road and running out of gravelled road and finding your white Dodge Colt spattering through seven-inch deep mud puddles and lurching through hiphigh wild grass and

Incredible...

bobbing over dried red dirt to the point that you aren't really sure if you are on a road anymore, no running water and no indoor plumbing and no heating and no insulation and holes in the roof and the glass in the front door shattered last winter by a hunter searching for some warmth who left a note of thanks tacked near the fireplace,

IV. CLAUSES CONCERNING FROG EGGS, SASSAFRAS, AND TWO SNAKES

me in the midst of it all just wanting one thing in life, one thing, just wanting to be able to look well at the outhouse, redwood and tidy with the remains of an indoor-outdoor carpet on the floor and a bucket of lime and a plastic dove-colored cup in the corner where you sit with the door open in summer for the breeze and with the door open in winter for the view of naked pines and cedars sloping down gently in front of you and then abruptly falling away off a limestone cliff into thousands of acres of uninhabited woods, though my New York mother — 72 years old and wildly feisty — is unable to pronounce the word *outhouse* on her first recalcitrant visit and so I have to tell her *call it a cathedral* and she does, and just wanting to look well at the five-inch long acorn-brown lizard that waits every morning on our top step, head raised with dignity and alertness, reptilian grin frozen on his face, at the thousands of large astonishing jelly-bubble sacks of frog eggs in the puddles sprinkled throughout the woods, at the blueblack ratsnake that forms a scrawl like a discarded bicycle innertube among the wild blueberry bushes and sassafras shrubs near the ledge at Whippoorwill Point on the eastern end of our property, at the undulating bands of chestnuts and hourglasses which are the copperhead that coils in the leafy shadows of a rotten log, arrogant and only apparently lethargic, thinking of my mother coming to visit for a week last spring, terrified at the prospect of accidently stepping on one, taking our snakebite kit with her wherever she went, running into Ferrell Baily — retired school teacher, blind in one eye — as we walked down the gravel road late one afternoon, my mother (11:17 p.m.) immediately beginning to explain that the worst thing about Kentucky was the prevalence of snakes but Ferrell saying *they aren't so bad, you just shoot 'em* and me thinking my mother would yelp and run back to her car and drive madly away and that I would never see her again, thinking she was so afraid of bullets that I hid my shotgun before she came and never even mentioned that I had one, but she didn't even flinch, just asked *how?* and I said *how what?* and she asked Ferrell *how do I shoot them?* and Ferrell came by the next day and showed her with his .22 rifle filled with birdshot, taking her into the woods for an hour, me hearing *snap* after *snap* after *snap*, and when they returned *she* was holding the gun, and Ferrell was showing her how to pick raspberries, and later that day he brought out a jug of moonshine for her once because she had wondered aloud what it might taste like

V. AN ORANGE AND A PEACH

and there is that magic day last autumn after a cold rain when my wife and I picked up our walking sticks and went out for a hike, sky a solid heavy grey and leaves all down and a keen chill in the air, following a new trail deeper and deeper into the woods, wet birches the color of cinders, our fingers growing stiff and pink (it's suddenly New Year's now, 12:01, happy 1988!), walking and talking for several hours, listening to wild turkeys in the distance, then deciding to head back, but, stunningly, when we turned around the trail had disappeared, must have been growing smaller and less well marked the last mile or so, and all we saw were woods and we were far enough down in the valley that we had no way of seeing any landmarks and my wife saying *we're lost* and my heart clattering around inside my ribcage and then stilling and with her words me suddenly realizing that I'd finally gotten to where I had been heading for a long long time.

Lance Olsen is author of ***Ellipse of Uncertainty: An Introduction to Postmodern Fantasy****, as well as numerous short stories, essays and reviews. His second study of postmodern fiction,* ***Circus of the Mind in Motion****, will be published next spring. He teaches at the University of Kentucky.*

Meeting of Minds...

and laughed and howled and jeered in such manic glee he nealy fell over in his chair. *Boone was an Indian killer, asshole!* Jay hissed at me, and seven of the 11 people in the psychodrama circle nodded in agreement. The lovely Dorothy looked at me with soulful sympathetic eyes even as she nodded her agreement with Jay. Bitch! I thought, but equally I thought: I understand. I love you. I'll see you in the evening, I said to her with my eyes. We'll take a walk across the grounds to the spring and the old gazebo, I'll hold your hand and listen as you talk about your drinking days and your attempted suicides, and I talk about my World War II obsession, the Third Reich, and Rising Sun, the Eastern Front, the Americans training at home with broomsticks during the Battle of Stalingrad. I'll tell you what I see at night when I walk the grounds alone. Dorothy smiled and accepted my invitation, even as she nodded in agreement with the exProgressive, who hissed so hard a second time snot flew out his nose.

Listen, I said with some heat. Hiss all you like. But in Western Kentucky there's this big coal-digging machine, three stories tall, with *jaws*, man, that eats whole truckloads of ground at a bite. It's got legs! It *walks*, man, for 20 years it's been walking on this certain piece of ground, around and around, eating dirt and scooping up coal to heat and light the nation. Gradually the machine has dug a hole 300 feet deep and a quarter-mile square around the rims of its pit. Finally the coal in that particular spot is gone. And after 20 years, the machine itself is done for, too. Parts worn, design obsolete, there it sits at the bottom of its pit, and they can't get it out. It would cost the company more than the thing is worth to dismantle it and take it out so what's the company going to do? *Leave* it there, that's what. Bury it where it quit. Think about it.

Bullshit! shouted Jay the exProgressive. *You're no drunk. You're an imposter. You're a goddamn nut case!*

Oh, I'm a drunk all right, I said to Jay. And a neurotic and a depressive and a solitary and brooding self-indulgent failure, just as my girlfriend Gretchen said. And I may be a nutcase too. I don't want to justify myself or try

to appear to anyone in any winning light. I know I'm not a pretty sight to look at, and my recent personal victories are minor ones. But small as they may be, they are actual, I have earned them, I have paid hard dues for them and I will *not* anymore apologize for any information that flows through me. Hiss if you want to. But listen: not three months ago, the government issued a call for someone in this country to write a myth for the nation, to be read by the people of future ages, a story, to be inserted, planted, as it were, like a seed in the public consciousness, that it might take root and be told and re-told in oral transmission for centuries, a story that will explain the nuclear dumps to people and make their presence and their dangers known in a way that no system of physical signs could ever be depended upon to stay posted and convey the word for the thousands of years required. Poor government. Poor sad public and its representatives, bereft of all art, legend, lore. I wrote to the government, I told it about the Toyota plant rising on the ground where the ancient bison fed, about the Shawnees and the Cherokees hunting there, and Boone, and the legend of the bluegrass as an Eden. Here is your myth, I told the government. And I will tell more.

Nutcase! screamed the Jay the exProgressive.

(to be continued)

Copyright 1988 — Gurney Norman

Gurney Norman's first novel, ***Divine Right's Trip,*** *appeared in the pages of* ***The Last Whole Earth Catalog.*** *In his book of stories,* ***Kinfolks, the Wilgus Stories,*** *Wilgus Collier is a young man growing up in Eastern Kentucky.*

Gurney Norman and Lance Olsen have been pushing the boundaries of fictional styles. A dialogue between them called "Frankenstein in Palestine, or: Postmodernism in Appalachia" is being published in the latest issue of ***Pine Mountain Sand and Gravel.*** *$5.00 to HC84 Box 436, Whitesburg, Ky. 41858.*

Earl Dotter, whose photos of coal mining have been widely published, works for the American Labor Education Center in Washington, D.C.

Large Mouth

While the proprietor rings up the tab
for the Catch-O-Th'Day, best not to praise
the glazed prize nailed above the register.
Because in every Lakeside Restaurant
from Tampa to Tacoma, anglers share
some version of the tale:

Yeah, this one's big,
but that lake's spawned some specimens no rod
will land. A Cessna went down near the dam —
in '62 I think. The Corps brought in
two divers with arc lamps to find the wreck
and raise it, or haul bodies up, at least.
Well, at 300 feet the water's thick
as stew. The papers said they got split up
and one man drowned...that was the Army's line.

But that guy down the bar was in the boat
(Aint that right Tarsh?) when the survivor rose
like Jonah — walleyed — gasping for God's air,
and to this day he's locked in a room with
no sharp edges...
and that plane's
still
down
there.

—Robert Bess

Transplanted

Even here, scent of streaked bacon
seeps up the stairs
to my third floor classroom.

It is November,
hog killing time.
Galvanized tubs spill tenderloin,
hams, shoulders over the kitchen floor.

Shadows feed chunks of lean meat
to Conrad Wither's sausage mill.
Iron skillets bubble on the wood stove.
Fresh meat steams the air.

I am still trying to find my way home.

—Gretchen McCroskey

From Away

Lester transplanted
no better than pin oak
so grew up stunted
by where he'd been.

Only thing he does
with his roots is
scatter along life's
path whatever dirt
he manages to shake
off somebody's past.

—Glenn McKee

Robert Bess is poetry editor for ***Artemis.*** *He is the author of a chapbook,* ***Domestic Birds,*** *and his poetry has appeared in* ***Light Year '87, Northeast Journal,*** *and* ***Kentucky Poetry Review.***

Gretchen McCroskey's poetry has appeared in several regional publications including ***Now and Then.***

Glenn McKee, a native of Southeast Ohio who now lives in Maine, has had poems published widely in regional magazines.

A Young Republican

Randy W. Oakes

"Want something cool to drink?" my aunt said. I said yes and wiped my forehead. We sat inches from the fireplace. Although it was early October, my uncle tossed in another log. My aunt handed me a glass of tapwater. These people never drank Coke.

We did this every other Sunday. After church we drove to Burlington to visit my father's family. My mother talked to my aunt; my father talked hunting to my uncle. If I was lucky I got to talk to my couisn Bud, who was two years older than I and had once had a black snake fall from a tree onto his head. As far as I knew, nothing else had ever happened to him. Still, being struck on the head by a black snake was more than I could boast.

I drank the water and hoped that Bud would show. My parents didn't make me come. "If you don't come, you won't get that magazine," my father had said. He was talking about the *National Review*.

"It's a journal," I said.

"I don't care what it is," he said. "You won't get it." A newsstand in Burlington was the only place within a hundred miles which sold the *Review*. My father wouldn't let me subscribe to it because he didn't believe in subscriptions. "I don't want to be on any Yankee mailing lists," he said. So I endured such afternoons with the thought of a crisp, new, blue-framed "fortnightly journal of opinion" in my hands. Perhaps the hands of the only underage Republican in North Carolina.

My father worked for a textile mill in Greensboro. He fixed looms and recovered from minor injuries. My mother said they were the mill's fault. My father disagreed. He never said anything against the Company. I once heard my uncle call him a Company man. He often talked about work during our Sunday afternoons.

"Here's the cat," my aunt said as Bud closed the screen door. He wore a camouflage vest and baggy jeans. He warmed his hands at the fire. I took this opportunity to slide my chair back, away from the fire.

"Hey," Bud said, as though he had just seen me.

We nodded to one another. He signaled for me to follow him outside. "Bring your gun?" he asked as we jumped off the back porch.

"No," I said. "No cartridges."

"Too bad," he said.

"Mine," he said. He pointed to a Ford pickup. I nodded. Bud had finished high school. He farmed with his father and did "public" work in town.

We climbed into the back of the pickup and sat with our backs resting against the cab. We spent most of our time in silence, cracking our knuckles and staring at our feet.

"Did they get to Kennedy yet?" Bud asked as he nodded toward the house.

"No," I said. "They're talking about turkeys."

"They'll get there," he said.

I sat and thought about the *National Review*. I had been reading it for six months. With a dictionary on my desk, I pored over the *Review* during study period at school. I learned that Social Security was a joke and that my father should be expected to invest his money for retirement. I hated Keynes and fiscal policy and extolled the virtues of monetary reform.

"Nice truck," I said.

"Picked it up last week," Bud said. "It'll be mine in a year." I had no idea what he meant. Money meant little to me in a practical sense. I saw only what money represented, and it certainly meant more than a truck in need of paint. Bud cracked his knuckles. When he had carefully milked the last finger, he spat and wiped his mouth with an open hand.

"I'm learning golf," I said. I had bought a cheap pitching wedge and a putter at Woolworth. After supper I chipped and putted in the yard. My friends whistled at me as they passed. "It's Sam Snead," they said and laughed.

"Never liked golfing," Bud said, and I winced. No one said "golfing." That was common.

"Have you ever played?" I asked.

"No. Killed a copperhead last week," Bud said. "Killed an October copperhead."

"I'm going to college," I blurted out.

"You?' Bud said. "Who says?"

"I do. I'm planning to go to Duke or Guilford or Davidson."

Bud whistled. "Duke?" He said Duke to rhyme with puke. Common.

"Yes, Duke." I said. Duke rhymed with spook. I heard a Yankee say it that way once.

"Boy, you'll be lucky to go to Carolina. And you won't even go there," Bud said. The poor are suspicious of anything free, or nearly free. I was offended.

"What do you know?" I said. "You never even walked across a college campus. I'll bet you don't even know who William F. Buckley is."

"You kidding?" Bud said. "Sure I do."

"Who is he?" I said.

"He's Duke's headman," he said.

"He's Duke's president?" I said.

"Yes."

"You dummy," I said. "He's the smartest man in the world. He's the editor of the *National Review*. I'll bet you don't know what 'fortnightly' means."

Bud stood up. The freckles at the corners of his eyes had moved. "Take it back," he said. "I ain't a dummy." He reached into his pocket and drew out a roll of money. "Look at this, trash," he yelled. "What the hell you doing here, visiting my old man? You and your mill folks. You know what we do when you leave? We laugh at you. We have us a good laugh. You don't own nothing. We own this land. Get out of my truck."

I jumped out and skipped beside the truck. "How's Chub?" I said. I pretended to hold a cup of tea. I held out my little finger. "Has he skinned any rabbits lately?" Bud's brother was the best hunter around, and he could skin a rabbit in five seconds. Yet he had recently bought a house, which he would share with a man who taught at the beauty college in Burlington.

"You got no right," Bud said. He stared at me. "You eat our food. You get beans and squash and tomatoes for nothing. Who do you think you are?"

I was feeling worse all the time. My parents loved these people. "I'm sorry," I said.

"You'd better be," Bud said. "You're afraid I'll slap you silly."

"I'm sorry," I said. "And that's the last time I'll say it."

"See this truck?" he said. "See it? I can get in this thing and go anywhere I please. I can stay out all night, park on the side of the road. I can find me a woman. And I can love her. And her, me."

Bud climbed down, opened the door and swung into the cab. "Take this,' he said. He made an awkward, obscene gesture as he slammed the door. He gave me an embarrassed glance before he started the truck and pulled away. He drove carefully.

I looked toward the house. My parents were on the porch. I envied them and the simplicity of their lives. They expected little and received less. My father called to me. I walked to our old Chevy. "Don't rush off," my uncle said to my parents.

"Come back again, Sammy," my aunt said. She smiled at me. "Drive careful, hon," she said to my father.

I crawled into the back seat. I glimpsed my surprised face in the mirror. I felt tired and lonely. My father started the car. The collar of his best Sunday suit was frayed. Before putting the car in gear, he looked over his shoulder at me.

"What say we go get that magazine," he said.

My throat tightened with love and gratitude.

Randy Oakes' work has appeared in ***Real Fiction, Pembroke Magazine*** *and other literary journals. He teaches at Grand Canyon College and is working on a Fred Chappell number for the Twayne series on American authors.*

Cold Mountain

So I climbed that mountain, offered
a requiem for my child, and scattered
her ashes as wind kicked up dust.
A small bone stuck
to the bottom of the urn
where the marrow hadn't dried
before fire set the soul free of flesh.
Call a priest, I roared,
then looked at my hands.
They cradled the bone in open air.
As I walked back down the mountain,
I packed its full weight home.

—Bill Wood

A Roadside Stand

An old woman talks with one eye
while she bags plump cantaloupes.
"I've seen corn grow from rock
and sunlight trim roses,
seen times as black
as the back of this glass eye
my mother left me when she died.
If you eat these with salt, they'll
draw the worms from your veins."

—Bill Wood

Bill Wood has had poems published in ***Artemis, The Arts Journal, The Laurel Review, Tar River Poetry, Calliope, Blue Buildings, Blue Pitcher, Skyline,*** *and others. He makes his living, however, cleaning, repairing and installing septic tanks, which, he says, "is called euphemistically, a rural sanitation engineer."*

Review

Borrowed Children

by George Ella Lyon
Orchard Books
New York, NY 1988
$12.95 (hardcover) Ages 8-adult

Roberta Herrin

In an essay entitled "The Nature and Aim of Fiction," Flannery O'Conner says of the novelist, "[The] descent into himself will . . . be a descent into his region" (*Mystery and Manners*). Whether this is true for novelist George Ella Lyon, only she can say, but it is certainly true for Amanda Virginia Perritt, the main character of Lyon's first novel — *Borrowed Children*, which is set in Goose Rock, Ky., during the Depression. For Amanda (or Mandy, as she is called) the descent *into* her region (and her self) is accomplished by briefly stepping *outside* it. The key is the return — the ascent. To complete the journey, Mandy must return to Goose Rock; she must make a "round trip."

Twelve-year-old Mandy is the third of five children. When the sixth child, Willie, is born, Mandy is taken out of school to cook, clean, and tend the children while their mother convalesces. As a reward for her sacrifice and industry, Mandy is allowed to spend Christmas with her maternal grandparents in Memphis, outside the circle of her family and her community.

Being an outsider is not new to Mandy: "It seems like I've always known . . . , whatever creek we've lived on, that I didn't belong. I've wanted something Wish Books didn't carry — finer than cornbread, higher than any ridge. How could I be like that, born to Mama and Daddy?" She fantasizes: Could she be the daughter of a wealthy Boston family who sent their baby girl to "some beautiful spot" to be found by "a family with a touch of refinement"?

In Memphis, Mandy expects to be an insider — to feel at home amid foreign rituals (ducks parading in the lobby of the Peabody Hotel!) and among her stranger-kin, such as Aunt Laura, who knows alcohol and the blues. Aunt Laura takes Mandy to Beale Street, to Crawfish Alley, to where a man plays "a long black horn. It sounds like a bird squealing . . . . squealing in tune mind you. Squealing with joy and pain and fear."

For all her "strangeness," Aunt Laura is much like Mandy; both feel isolated and misplaced. As Mandy listens to Laura's stories about Rena, (Mandy's mother), Mandy realizes that her mother, too, has felt "joy and pain and fear." Mandy's vision of Goose Rock has been narrow — incomplete. On the return trip — the ascent — Mandy sees with her heart. And, she finds, the heart has keen vision; the heart sees completely.

Mandy has made a "round trip." "You come back the same way you went," she explains to her younger sister Helen, who can't understand why a trip between two places is *round*

Outsider/Insider:A Grown-Up Who Writes for Children

George Ella Lyon

That the colon in this title signals an equation — outsider = grown-up, insider = children — baffles and intrigues me. In what sense am I an outsider in the child's world? What child? What world? Obviously I spent a long time as a child, as various children: baby, toddler, pre-schooler, first-grader, and so forth. Less obviously, those children (and my memories of their friends) still travel with me. Inside. My insiders. Still less obviously, I have new children. I don't mean my visible ones — Ben, who is eleven, and Joey, who is sixteen months — though certainly they keep me in touch with the welter of childhood in an ongoing way. I mean new children in myself, new dreams waking up, struggling to walk, hoping to spell their names.

We are all in the process of becoming, a fact we traditionally lie about to children. Why? To shellac ourselves with the gleam of authority? To scare them into focus? To narrow the horizon into a picture frame we can bear? "What are you going to be when you grow up?" we ask the child. "What will you major in?" How is that fingerpainted bed going to look on your resume?

I read in a hyperactive-parents' periodical that kindergarten is not too young to start thinking about a resume. Lord knows what the ride is, but we know that our children will need a ticket. Little Judy had better get on her toes and dance at least by the time she's out of diapers. Else what's an adulthood for?

Now there's a question we would all but die to keep from asking. We know, we continually say, what childhood is for: it is to get you to adulthood. But adulthood? Is it for having things? Power? Our own homes? Whose homes did we grow up in?

I don't want to romanticize childhood. Even relatively happy ones have a wealth of terrible moments because of the child's emotional intensity, her close-up perspective and lack of the defenses we cultivate over time. But it is that freshness, that unarmored quality which draws me back to childhood. I want to see how the world looked before we put on goggles, how it felt before we armadillos got suited up.

I have only gone as far back as the alphabet. I love to dwell on one letter, one word, one form. Eve is in the high chair, Adam in the playpen; let's get them out and name the world again. We will *not* start with Apple.* Accordion? Abacus? Aorta? My turn on the wheel of 26 Chances begins with Aspen, because I decided to go through the forest. "Aspen, Butternut, Cedar" (from *A B Cedar: An Alphabet of Trees*, to be published by Orchard Books in 1989).

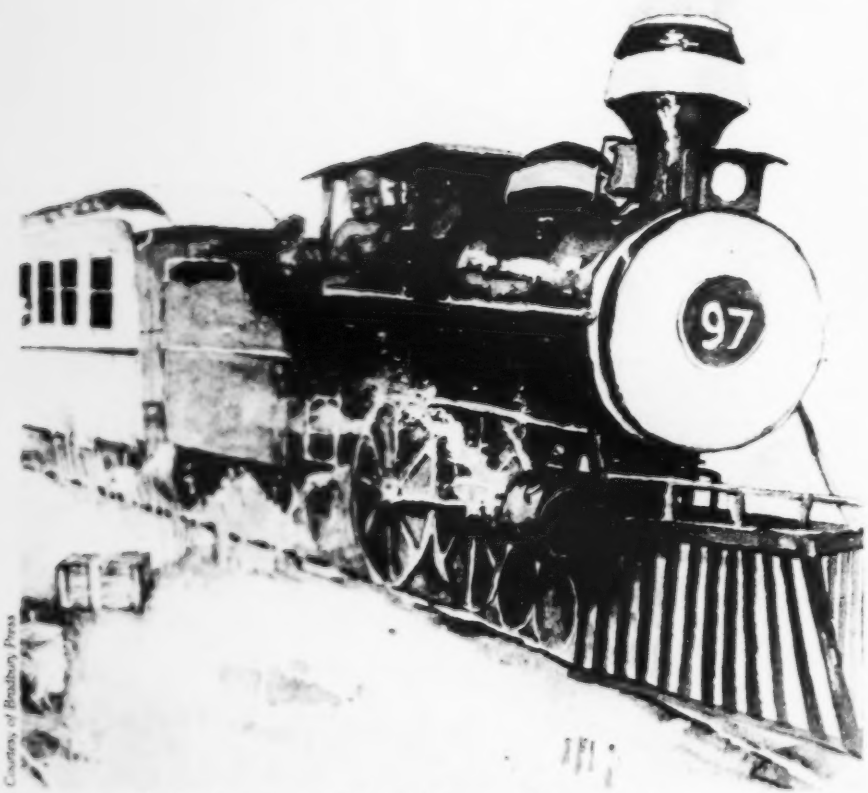
"Children are not a race apart, but ourselves when new," writer Paula Fox tells us in *Celebrating Children's Books*. That is who I am writing for. Today's children, yes, and tomorrow's, I hope. But for you, too, before your world split into outsiders/insiders; and for you when it did, when you first felt the slash of that line.

*See *The Incredible Expanding Sentence*, page 21.

and not *straight*. But then Mandy realizes, "You don't ever come back the same. The tracks are spiked down and the train stays on the track, but you come back from a different direction entirely." This different direction is the key to Mandy's growth. She comes back wiser: "I used to think I couldn't belong to a family so far back in the sticks . . . Now I see a family isn't one thing or one place. Tonight I'm glad to know home is waiting. Home and the world, too."

Any twelve-year-old will appreciate Mandy's growth, her anger, her self pity, her self doubt, her need to belong and to know. But if adults dismiss *Borrowed Children* as "merely a child's book," they will be cheated of good reading. Lyon's narrative never falters; she sustains a powerful first person point of view in present tense. Her style is at once plain and eloquent. The matter-of-factness is deceptive, the sentences short but full. For example, she writes of a hand-me-down coat: "Anna is just one stop on this little coat's road. Where is it going? Probably to a rug." Such clarity is a fitting vehicle for Mandy's round trip from Goose Rock to Memphis and back — back to knowledge of place and self.

Roberta T. Herrin teaches children's literature at East Tennessee State University. This summer she is directing a Teachers Institute on Children's Fantasy Literature, sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities.



Courtesy of Bradbury Press

Illustration by Stephen Gammell, from *A Regular Rolling Noah*.

A Regular Rolling Noah

by George Ella Lyon
Illustrated by Stephen Gammell
Bradbury Press
New York, NY. 1986
$13.95, Ages 5-10

Sarah K. Davis

What child — or grown-up — has not dreamed of taking a trip, going to faraway places and seeing new sights? In *A Regular Rolling Noah* George Ella Lyon tells the tale of a young boy from Pathfork, Ky., who helps a neighboring family move their farm to Canada by train. Lyon is retelling the story in memory of her grandfather who really made this journey as a boy.

This is a beautiful picture book, with a simple yet powerful narrative. It begins, "Now I'd never seen a train/ before today, but I've heard its whistle/ down at the mouth of the hollow." Adventure beckons, and in a practical way, the boy answers. His job is to tend the stock, including chickens and guineas, Rosie and her calf and Bad Patch (a mare that balks) inside a boxcar on the long rolling journey out of the mountains to "land flat as a griddle."

Lyon's book is filled with sonorous imagery. After the train has travelled all day and all night, "In the morning it stops./ Someone slides the door open./ At first I see just the railyard,/ steam like fog in the hollow./ But then I feel what's happened./ We've run out of mountains./ Sky right down to your ankles./ Big wind might blow you away." These words are certain to be read over and over for the picture they evoke, and the sounds of the words are fresh and full of mystery.

There is so much tenderness here, such wonderful and loving detail, that both grown-ups and children will enjoy the mastery of Lyon's storytelling. Sure enough, "World's a big affair," but how one ventures into the world — with love and care and awe — is a message for all of us in *A Regular Rolling Noah*.

Sarah K. Davis teaches English at East Tennessee State University and is program coordinator for the Teachers Institute on Children's Fantasy Literature at ETSU this summer.

Review

Too Few Tomorrows: Urban Appalachians In The 1980's

edited by Phillip J. Obermiller and William W. Philliber
The Appalachian Consortium Press
Boone, N.C. 1987
$8.95 (paperback)

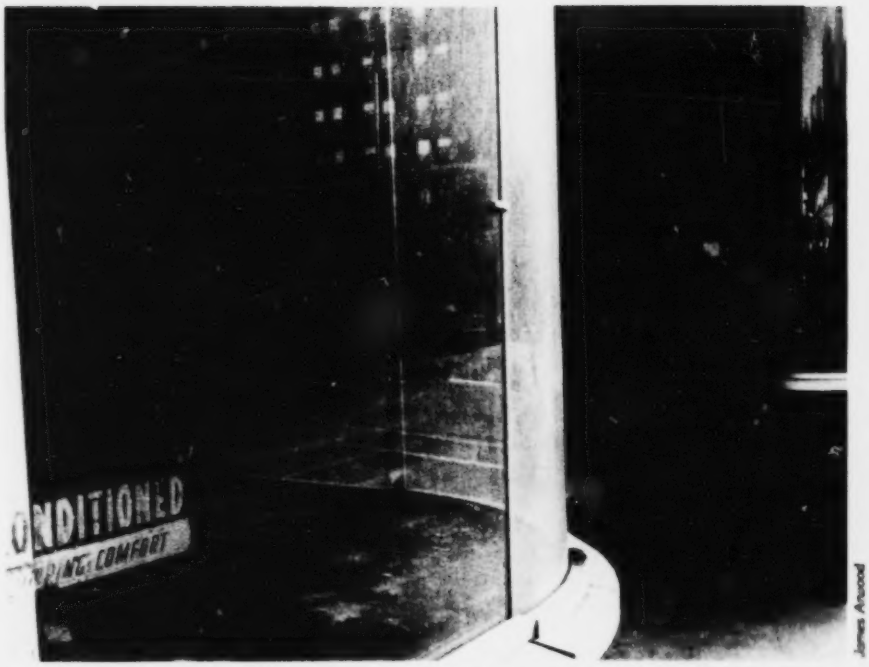
Richard Blaustein

This collection of 13 essays dealing with the Appalachian exodus takes a classical social science perspective. Short on illustrations and anecdotal details but long on tables and graphs, *Two Few Tomorrows* will primarily appeal to the scholarly reader who eschews sweeping generalizations in favor of rigorous academic exposition. This, however, is not meant to detract from the value of what has already been acclaimed one of the more significant publications in Appalachian Studies to appear in recent years. Indeed, this volume raises questions which are at the heart of Appalachian Studies: What is the basis of Appalachian identity? Is it inextricably tied to specific family and neighborhood relationships? Can it survive the trauma of uprooting and transplanting? Does migration inevitably lead to assimilation, or does it stimulate the development of an emergent sense of collective identity which compensates for the shock of social and cultural displacement?

The scholars and researchers whose work is included in *Too Few Tomorrows* provide no easy answers to these complex questions. Instead, they do justice to the complexities and ambiguities of the subject by avoiding stereotyped interpretations of their data. Even so, significant conclusions concerning the urban Appalachian experience emerge from these essays. Appalachian identity is as much a matter of external definition as internal ascription. Most Appalachians do not normally identify themselves as such but actually tend to *avoid* self-definitions based on regional origins. This is not merely an understandable response to recent stigmatization by hostile outsiders: it also reflects a traditional rejection of sectionalism by southern mountain people which goes back to the time of the Civil War.

Unlike many other migrant groups, urban Appalachians are not immediately distinguishable from their hosts. Indeed, some of the contributors to this volume would contend that the persistance of a distinct Appalachian identity in the cities of the Midwest is more a factor of social class than regionalism or ethnicity. Nonetheless, the selective reconstruction of a distinctly Appalachian culture in an urban environment is occurring. There are clear parallels to be drawn between the specific development of groups like the Urban Appalachian Council in Cincinnati and a more general tendency throughout the modern world toward the establishment of formal organizations which provide culturally displaced people with the opportunity to socialize with significant, supportive others. (In this regard, urban Appalachians can easily be compared with ethnics who have moved to the southern mountains and have formed voluntary associations to preserve at least a semblance of their original cultural identity.)

While this work is laudable in many respects, it points out the need for further studies of ethnicity which address the complexities of multiple cultural identities in the modern world. *Too Few Tomorrows* is an excellent follow-up to the film *Long Journey Home* and is otherwise a notable contribution to the literature in this field.



James Arnold

Long Journey Home

directed by Elizabeth Barret
16mm., color, 56 minutes, 1987
Also available in video formats
Appalshop Films
306 Madison Street
Whitesburg, Ky. 41858

Phillip J. Obermiller

People moving in or people moving away always means important changes for families, towns, regions and countries. Migrations of the past have usually had religious and political roots, but economic migrations have become more common since the Industrial Revolution. In the case of Appalachia, when the jobs no longer come to the people, the people must go to the jobs.

The second installment in Appalshop's Film History of Appalachia, *Long Journey Home*, is a film about migration into and out of Appalachia. It is a finely textured film, densely packed with information.

The film's initial concern is with migration into the region and depicting the area's rich ethnic diversity. We see through interviews and old photographs how the opening of the mines drew black workers from the deep South and immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe into the mining towns of Appalachia.

Long Journey Home then provides a background for the huge post-war

outmigration from Appalachia by exploring the economic impact of the automated mining machine, aptly called "the cotton gin of coal mining." Here the filmmakers turn to newsclips from the 1960s to describe the hardships caused by widespread unemployment in the coalfields.

The film concludes with three case studies that highlight several important aspects of Appalachian migration. Interviews with members of the Eastern Kentucky Social Club in various Northern cities present successful black migrants, many with jobs in the professions, who still celebrate their cultural links with the region. Conversations with Anndrena Belcher, her parents and her grandparents give the viewpoints of return-migrants, migrants, and non-migrants respectively. In the final scenes of the film, the camera follows James and Denise Hardin and their children back to the region after 14 years "on the job" in Baltimore. James Hardin finds the precarious economic conditions of the region an acceptable risk for the benefit of raising his children in the mountains.

Long Journey Home investigates a major theme in the history of Appalachia and for the most part handles its subject quite competently. But the film is not without its flaws. Perceptive viewers will wonder how Appalachia's ethnicity and migration patterns can be presented without mention of the region's native American population or their forced migration along the Trail of Tears. Others will balk at the film's oversimplification of the region's economic problems; the automation of mining certainly did contribute to the stream of economic refugees fleeing widespread unemployment in the coalfields. But important structural changes were taking place in the national economy that affected the jobs of Appalachian miners as well: the conversion of steel mill furnaces and home heating systems to natural gas and the introduction of diesel locomotives on the railroads, to name two.

A more fundamental problem is the filmmakers' apparent acceptance of a "return to the land" mystique. Made by a group whose reputation is based on "an unsentimental exercise in authenticity," *Long Journey Home* comes dangerously close to promoting the romantic notion that most Appalachian migrants are just biding their time until they can return to the region. This may be an acceptable premise for a docudrama, but it is a serious lapse for those who would call their product a documentary.

Long Journey Home presents the "push" factors of Appalachian migration while neglecting the "pull" factors — many Appalachians did migrate seeking basic economic survival, but many others migrated because they saw the possibility of a better quality of life in the cities. The opportunities in densely populated, industrialized areas attracted and continue to attract many people who see themselves as Appalachian but have no compelling desire to resettle in the mountains. This is particularly true of urban Appalachian women whose social, educational and occupational prospects are greatly enhanced by urban life.

Of the millions of people who left the region in the past 50 years, most are content to live among their co-workers, children and grandchildren in the familiar urban neighborhoods and suburbs they now call home. "Bury me under a sidewalk" is one urban Appalachian viewer's response to the film's back-to-the-mountains bias.

As another recent Appalshop release, *Strangers and Kin*, so aptly demonstrates, stereotypes and myths about Appalachians are rife. With Appalshop approaching its 20th anniversary, it may be an appropriate time for the filmmakers there to reflect on some of their own romantic notions about the region and its people.

Phillip J. Obermiller teaches in the Department of Social Sciences at Northern Kentucky University and is a member of the Urban Appalachian Council's Research and Education Committee.

James Arwood is a photo major at ETSU.

On Being a Joines

a film by Tom Davenport
16mm., color, 55 minutes, 1980
with 44-page background,
transcription and commentary
Tom Davenport Films,
Route 1, Box 527
Delaplane, Va. 22025

Jane Harris Woodside

According to the film's introduction, *On Being a Joines: A Life in the Brushy Mountains* gives a glimpse of 20th century traditional backwoods Appalachian life and its demise. This the film accomplishes through stories told by John E. "Frail" Joines and his wife Blanche, long-time Wilkes County, N.C., residents a few years before Frail's death in 1982. But such a description of the film's scope is far too narrow.

Covering the period from World War I to the 1970s, the documentary weaves an autobiography out of 22 stories — 17 told by Joines and five by his wife. A sketch of social change on the eastern edge of Appalachia forms a backdrop to the couple's life. Born in 1914, Frail tells of a childhood in a small mountain settlement full of hard work on the family farm. World War II marked a turning point, both for Frail Joines personally and for his community. Joines served in Europe, and the suffering he saw there, especially while present at the liberation of a concentration camp, cost him his personal relationship with a God he continued to dimly acknowledge.

In addition to this personal crisis, he faced unprecedented social upheavals when he returned home as industry usurped agriculture in Wilkes County. Rising land prices thwarted Joines' dream of farming, forcing him to support his family chiefly by working as a mechanic in a garage. The last part of the film concentrates on Blanche's faith healing of a heart condition, Frail's reconversion on Easter Sunday of 1971 and the couple's subsequent dedication to a charismatic movement.

In addition to giving a sense of the rapid modernization of the region, the film offers a wealth of information to the student of folk narrative. Frail Joines tells the tales that made up his life — tall tales, comic anecdotes, war stories and religious narratives — in

Review

On Being a Joines...

both natural and staged contexts. The filmed record gives a full performance of the tales and demonstrates how Joines' mimicry, body language, pacing and ability to play to the audience made him an effective story-teller.

Watching Joines tell his tales also gives a sense of the many complex impulses behind storytelling. Joines' stories often affirmed family bonds by calling to mind a common past in the presence of his wife or children. They sometimes served as testimony, expressing his deep and pervasive religious beliefs. And they helped him cope with memories of a painful past.

For example, one of the most intriguing story sequences is the one having to do with drunks. The son of an alcoholic, Frail first tells in a straightforward and painfully accurate way what it was like to grow up with a hard-working but all-too-often intoxicated and violent parent. He then proceeds to tell five stories, both personal narratives and "comic" local anecdotes, that return indirectly, again and again, to his traumatic childhood experiences by featuring drunkards who are sadistic or laughable or both. These stories allowed him to express safely, often under the camouflage of humor, the deep and abiding anger children feel towards their alcoholic parent.

Also commendable is the careful attention the film pays to Blanche's multifaceted contribution to her husband's storytelling. She is shown as his audience, listening intently and empathetically, flinching as he recounts coming upon victims of Nazi torture in the concentration camps. And she tells her own stories in a low-key, personal style that contrasts with her husband's more dramatic and flamboyant narratives. Most effective is the segment where the filmmaker cuts back and forth between husband and wife as they tell of Blanche's faith healing of a heart condition and Frail's religious rebirth, getting both perspectives on an experience that was a turning point in both of their lives.

On Being a Joines is the third in a series of documentaries in the "American Traditional Cultural Series" jointly produced by Tom Davenport of Tom Davenport Films and Dr. Daniel Patterson and other members of the

John "Frail" Joines

University of North Carolina's Folklore Curriculum. The story is told entirely by Frail and Blanche Joines and is supplemented by historical and family pictures. There is no narration.

Letting Joines tell his own story means that the filmmakers at times traded off clarity for immediacy. In one scene, Joines is assisting a surveyor by hacking down young trees in the surveyor's path. Only when reading the film guide does the viewer realize the scene's significance: Joines is doing the preparatory work for a new resort development.

Ironically, then, he was playing part in yet a further encroachment of outsiders on his fast-vanishing backwoods culture. However, the disadvantages of the technique are mitigated in large part by the excellent film guide. The guide provides regional, social and biographical background in addition to an annotated transcript and an enlightening discussion of the creative struggle to make and shape the documentary.

The film is of interest to students of Appalachian social history, narrative traditions and charismatic religious movements. But it is also of interest to a general audience. For more than a social history and more than a comprehensive record of a master storyteller, *On Being a Joines* is about Frail Joines and his wife, two people enduring and transcending personal trauma and social upheaval.

Zone 3

Edited by Malcolm Glass and David Till
Box 4565, Austin Peay State University
Clarksville, Tenn. 37044
Published three times a year
$3.00 per issue, $8.00 for one year, $10.00 to libraries and institutions

Jo Carson

I have come late to reading poetry. I read what I had to in school, I bought Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Allen Ginsberg's books during the 60s but I didn't read them very carefully. I carried the books around because it was the thing to do, but what I really wanted was for the list of names to be Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg and Jo Carson. A friend who teaches literature spoke of a student who wanted a class in modern poetry — not one in which you read modern poetry, but one in which you wrote it. I spent awhile as one of those. Someone pointed out that if I really hoped to write good poems, I should read them. Took 20 years, but now I do.

Poems come in as many varieties as weeds, and there are poets under every rock, and some of them produce like kudzu, and some journals publish a whole bunch of it, so when I tell you I've come to love poems, I want to put a qualifier on it: good poems. And when I say good poems, I mean poems I like. With that in mind, let me recommend a literary publication.

Included with the mail for this issue of *Now and Then* was a copy of the Spring, 1987, issue of a poetry journal called *Zone 3*. The title comes from seed packages. Zone 3 delineates a growing season on a map of the USA. The Appalachian region also lies within Zone 3. A growing season. Somebody gathered a fine crop of poems. Emily Dickinson said "If I feel

physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry." I turned the pages holding on to the top of my head just in case . . .

There were names among the contributors I recognized — Joseph Bruchac, for instance, was here last year in the reading series called "Regionalism and Inspiration" sponsored by the English Department at ETSU and supported by CASS. I have seen a couple of the other poets in other journals, but the majority of the poets in the issue of *Zone 3* were new to me, which speaks — in part — to the volume of good work being done these days.

And by way of example, the third part of a five part poem by Heather Tosteson called "Sportsmanship":

My son screams and pushes his friend
out from under the kitchen table.
"Give it back," he yells. "Give it back."
He is four, his friend, Chris, six.
My son reaches out with his left arm.
Chris waves his empty hands in the air.
He twists his head to hear his mother.
"Nothing. I don't have anything. I just
said—"
"Please," my son cries. "Give it back to
me."
"What?" I ask him. "My hand.
He cut off my hand."
"I was just pretending—"
"Give it back," I say.
"How?" Chris waves his hands in
disgust.
My son lurches forward, grabs at the
air.
He approaches me now with his left
hand out,
flattened, as if it were balancing
something.
I accept what he offers me. I can't see
for pity. I kneel beside him.
"Fix it," he whispers. "Hurry."

Ken Murray

Jo Carson's ***Stories I Ain't Told Nobody Yet*** *is coming out next spring from Orchard Books.*

Ken Murray's book of black and white photographs, ***Portrait of Appalachia,*** *is published by Appalachian Consortium Press.*

Giving Glory to God in Appalachia

Worship Practices of Six Baptist Subdenominations by Howard Dorgan University of Tennessee Press Knoxville, Tenn., 1987 $24.95

R. Chesla Sharp

Giving Glory to God in Appalachia is a study of 10 mountain congregations around Boone, N.C. They were selected from six groups of Baptists: Missionary, Union, Primitive, Regular, Old Regular, and Free Will.

The first chapter, on the beliefs of the groups, is the least effective. Dorgan's training is not the history of dogma, and the logic of grouping the particular six sects theologically is not too clear.

But the remaining chapters deal with the worship practices of the six subdenominations and form the real value of the book. Chapters 2 and 3 cover the delivery of the sermon, the sermonic content and the preacher. Dorgan, a professor of communication arts at Appalachian State, does an excellent job of analyzing the homiletic delivery, which he describes as highly emotional, the effect of which is "a hypnotic rhythm that tends to dominate content, with congregations, like audiences at rock concerts, responding more to beat than to lyrics."

Chapters 4 and 5 deal with rituals including footwashings, creek baptisms, communions, dinners-on-the-ground and flower services. The book closes with a study of obituaries.

The strength of the book is also its weakness. In his introduction Dorgan tells about the time he was getting congregational approval to film a service and one elderly parishioner asked, "Will you ever use this film to make fun of me?" It is obvious that Dorgan has no intention of making fun of anyone. He has really given us an apologia of the faith. The celebrants become his brothers, and the observer, at least once, becomes a celebrant. The outsider becomes an insider. This is a welcome change from so many books on Appalachia. But it is not ultimately the right stance for a scholar.

The result is that any criticism which Dorgan may have is so muted that the objective view of the detached outsider is almost lost. In describing church architecture Dorgan gives eight pictures of Appalachian churches. One is a beautiful country gothic church, two are non-descript clapboard structures, and the rest are hideous buildings. Dorgan's statement that many Southern Appalachian churches do not match his "prototypical ideal" hardly

Review

Giving Glory...

seems adequate. The fact that Missionary Baptists don't have any missionaries is buried in a statement about the name: "The title 'Missionary Baptist' has lost its original meaning to a large degree, since these small independent churches are not extensively involved in mission work, particularly with foreign missions." Dorgan analyzes a sermon with the following ending: "Now mothers, you know we love you. Amen? You know we love you. But you know your place in this world. Amen, you know your place." Dorgan describes the sermon as one which shows traditonal values.

Dorgan's 13-year study, however, is very valuable. It carefully and sympathetically explains the practices of religious groups that are often neglected and, in some cases, the study is probably the record of dying sects. Appalachian studies is in Dorgan's debt.

R. Chesla Sharp teaches English at East Tennessee State University.

Dear Flora Mae and Other Stories

by Patricia Shirley
Seven Buffaloes Press,
P.O. Box 249
Big Timber, Montana 59011
$6.75 (paperback)

Ed Davis

Patricia Shirley's seven short stories include humor (often ironic), murder mystery, suspense and even a modern Appalachian ghost story, all except one set in rural Kentucky.

The author creates an immediately recognizable sense of place, and to say that she writes concretely is an understatement. One knows these multi-faceted characters deeply through their speech, actions and the paraphernalia of their lives.

In "the Spree" 10-year-old Nellie narrates the tale of her Aunt Evanell's stormy marriage to Earl Slone, who would "give you his last dollar . . . if you needed it," but who, when drinking, would tom-cat under his wife's nose, beating her when she protested. It's to Shirley's credit that Earl is not unrelievedly evil. Nellie says, "I liked this deep-voiced man who rared back in his old recliner, cigarette smoke curling around his bald head, newspapers draped over his sock feet."

However, Evanell's character is the story's focus. Though timid, innocent and willing to let Earl speak for both of them for most of her marriage, Evanell, in one delightful scene enlists Nellie's aid in stuffing armloads of Earl's beloved newspapers down the privy holes. Thus, after Earl, on the third day of a drunk, burns himself up, the reader isn't too surprised to see her sitting "dry-eyed at the hospital when the doctor told her it was all over."

By the end of the story, Shirley has crafted a positive statement from potentially negative material without the compromise of sentimentality.

As good as "The Spree" was, I admired "Miss Pitts' Last Funeral" even more. Its old-fashioned, elegiac tone — Faulkner's "A Rose For Emily" comes to mind — is the antithesis of the fast-paced, violent "Spree." The focus is on character described through a sympathetic narrator. Middle-aged Jack is returning to the tiny Alabama town of "Jasper Cove, a few miles into the Cumberland foothills," where he spent summers on his grandpa's farm and developed a friendship with Nellie Pitts that endured throughout his boyhood, young manhood during WW II and beyond. The story brims with history described through three generations: Captain Isaiah Nathaniel Pitts, who fought in the Civil War; his daughter Nellie; and Jack, who is 12 when he first meets the colorful Southern family.

Though Shirley skillfully weaves throughout the story physical symbols of the past, the plot and characters are never merely appliqued onto an historical tapestry; rather they bring history alive in a way textbooks never do. For example, Shirley's description of Miss Pitts' car, in which she chauffered the captain around town until he died and then herself to countless townspeople's funerals: "I knew that [she] was special from the first time I saw her driving that yellow [1919] Oldsmobile coupe around the Alabama countryside. How well I remembered her sitting stiff-backed behind the wheel, impeccably dressed with white gloves, gray hair covered with a colorful, flowered hat." Jack learns much later why Miss Pitts attends all town funerals; it is a lesson in history as well as compassion. During 1918's flu epidemic, "the year the world thought it was dying," Miss Pitts' family was ravaged. It was then, after neighbors came, gauze masks covering their faces, to tend them, that she decided she would return their goodness by showing her respect at funerals for the rest of her life.

Many more finely-drawn characters and details populate these stories: "Dear Flora Mae's" elderly Pap, who prefers his own home — crowded with son, daughter-in-law and grandkids — to childless daughter Bessie's sterile household; "Poor Uncle Elvin," who is overwhelmed with female suitors when his wife dies; "the Humdinger," whose star is a Studebaker ambulance named Herschel; "The Initiation's" Lou who, after sighting the family ghost, is absorbed into a rural family; the surprise murderer in "Retribution."

Flaws are few, though I found the long letter in "The Initiation" overloaded with dialect, as if Shirley had recently digested a dictionary of mountain terms: "ruction" and "a lavish of hard words" were delightful, but "bodacious," "funned" and "nussed" seemed overdone to me. However, most of the time, Shirley's style, settings and characters are right on target, making these stories well worth reading again and again.

Ed Davis, a native of West Virginia, teaches English and Appalachian folklore at Sinclair Community College in Dayton, Ohio. He is the author of ***Haskell****, poetic Appalachian monologues, and his fiction, reviews and poetry have appeared in many literary magazines.*

Early Days at Keno

Harriette Simpson Arnow

Shortly after they married, aspiring writers Harriette and Harold Arnow moved from Cincinnati where they had been working on the Works Progress Administration (WPA) Writers' Project, to a farm they bought in the hills of Wayne County, Ky. They planned to run a subsistence farm and write novels in their free time. They stayed on the farm for some five years, then moved to Detroit. There Harold worked as a reporter and Harriette wrote ***The Dollmaker*** *and other books mostly set in Kentucky. The following is an account of their first few days on the farm edited from Harriette's diary.*

August 31

I write by lantern light with the typewriter over my knees. Outside another white fog is rolling in from the river and the high weeds that grow through the deserted porches, the broken windows and sagging floors drip with fog and dew. We came in yesterday after leaving half our trailer load at a cabin at the end of the gravel road, for the four miles of dirt road were too much for Henry, the Ford. Coming down with another load a month ago, the brakes got so hot they smoked.

Last night after getting here about 8:00 o'clock we were thankful for the mattress and springs we laid on the floor a month ago, and fell sound asleep after eating a super of cold baked beans.

September 2

Harold got in about 10:00 o'clock last night with a red cow with a white face, and a little black bull also white-faced; cost $46.00. He brought them over the rough road in the trailer, backed the trailer against a bank and began the business of unloading. The trailer is a two-wheeled affair made to balance in the middle. The cow rode with her head tied to the front end, and naturally most of her weight was there, and naturally the trailer tipped down in that direction, and the more the trailer tipped, the more the cow scooted toward that end and the calf, too. They had to be unloaded from the back end, and there was a problem in physics, getting an unwilling thousand pound cow up the steep slippery inclined plane of the trailer backwards. He jacked the front end as high as it could be jacked, even lifting Henry's rear wheels well off the ground, but all to no purpose.

The cow got restless and made terrific lunges against the trailer sides. Harold swore, and I prayed and held her head, or tried to. The calf got under her and when it seemed that she would kill it, Harold went in and pulled it out by the tail. The calf tossed its head a time or so, then it began nibbling grass, but though we had a live calf it still looked as if we would have nothing more than a mess of beef from the cow.

It ended with Harold letting the air out of the tires to make the trailer lower, then browbeating a friend into going with him into the trailer, each catching a hind leg and pulling out the cow. Once out she, like her son, began to eat grass.

I dread tomorrow. Harold will then begin the business of milking her. He has never milked, and to me she looks like a brute with a mind of her own.

September 3

The cow, shut away from her son all night, bawled at daybreak and rolled us out into the cold foggy dawn. I gave Harold one of my stewpans, and together we herded the calf to the gate and the waiting cow. Harold opened the gate, the calf frisked through, and Harold, after a moment's dubious survey of the big beast licking her calf, rushed through the gate to her right side, squatted under her and began a struggle with the greedy calf. The cow stood patiently, even though we gave her no feed, and Harold emerged with about a pint. Both Harold and I wished we could measure the amount in the calf's stomach.

After breakfast Harold and I climbed a distance up the hill pasture, and looked over the land and what we could see of the farm. The soil there seems fertile, laid down in benches rather than in one straight sweep of hillside, so that after all these years of neglect, erosion is not as bad as it might be. A strange lush land it seems where the wounds of the earth heal themselves. We found old gullies, half as deep as the house, but filled now with young pine and well-padded with varieties of wild grass and clover. It seems horribly big and demanding somehow, two old farms the natives say contain more than 250 acres wandering down to the river embracing a graveyard, a creek with waterfalls, a hill in cut over timber, river bluffs, a coal mine and a schoolhouse where about 15 pupils attend seven months in the year. Dozens of giant apple and pear trees have rotted until they no longer bear fruit — what little is borne is of inferior quality, wormy and scraggly as the twigs on which they grow. The scattered crop of corn, grown in many little patches where the soil is fertile and free from brush, is full of weeds, though much of it is quite good, standing 16 feet high with two big ears. The springs are choked with years' accumulations of soil and leaves, with the spring house long since torn away and burned.

September 5

Harold went into Burnside today for a load of supplies and brought back my sister Lucy, who after one glance at the house, remarked that we should have our heads examined for coming to such a place. . .

More from ***Early Days at Keno*** *in the next issue of* ***Now and Then*** *— teaching in a one-room school.*

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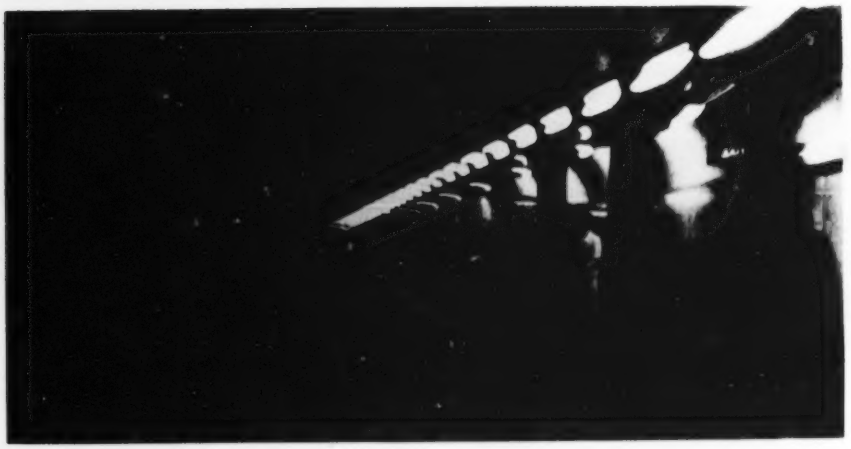
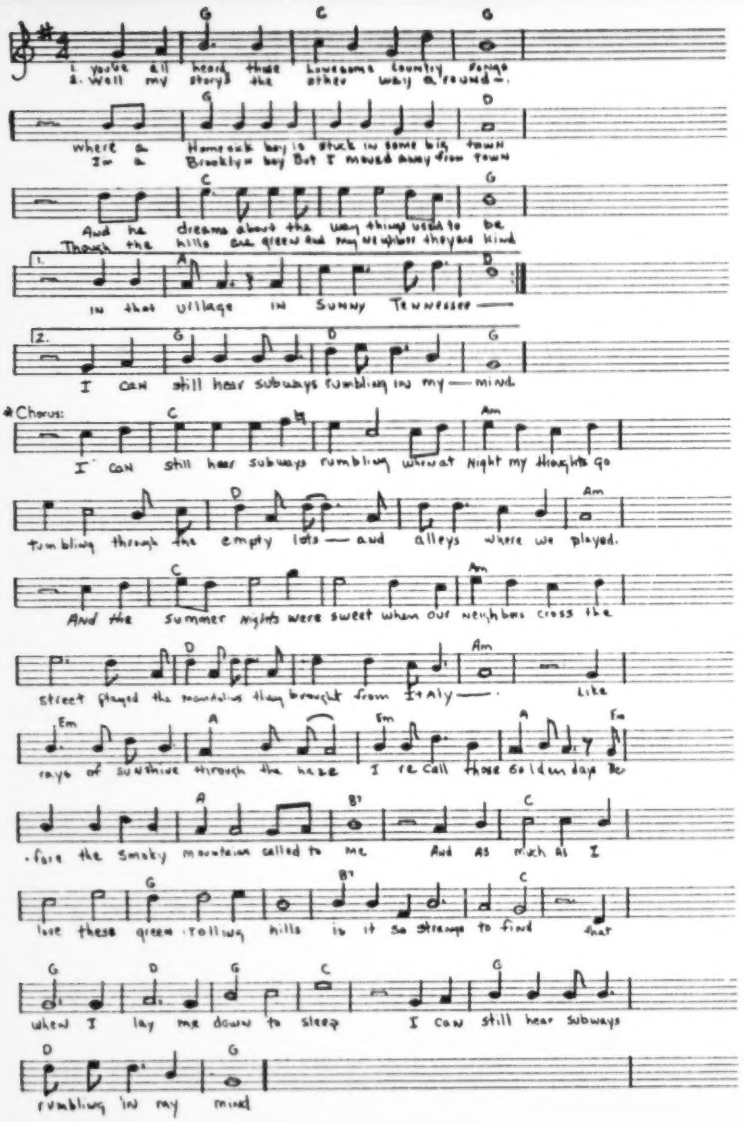
Subways Rumbling in My Mind

Richard Blaustein



1. You've all heard those Lonesome Country Songs
2. Well my story's the other way around.
where a Homesick boy is stuck in some big town
I'm a Brooklyn boy But I moved away from town
And he dreams about the way things used to be.
Though the hills are green and my neighbors they are kind
1. In that village in Sunny Tennessee —
2. I can still hear subways rumbling in my — mind.
*Chorus:
I can still hear subways rumbling when at night my thoughts go
tumbling through the empty lots — and alleys where we played.
And the summer nights were sweet when our neighbors cross the
street played the mandolins they brought from Italy — like
rays of sunshine through the haze I re Call those Golden days Be
-fore the Smoky mountains called to me And As much As I
love these green rolling hills is it so strange to find that
when I lay me down to sleep I can still hear subways
rumbling in my mind

There's a longstanding tradition of songs about country people feeling out of place in the big city, going back at least as far as "Take Me Back To The Sweet Sunny South" and including such modern classics as "The Streets of Baltimore" and "Detroit City." I decided to take this old theme and stand it on its head: "Subways Rumbling In My Mind" is the result.

You've all heard those lonesome country songs
where a homesick boy is stuck in some big town
and he dreams about the way things used to be
in that village in sunny Tennessee:
Well my story's the other way around
I'm a Brooklyn boy but I moved away from town
Though the hills are green and my neighbors
they are kind
I can still hear subways rumbling in my mind.

CHORUS: I can still hear subways rumbling
when at night my thoughts go tumbling
through the empty lots and alleys where we
played
And the summer nights were sweet
when our neighbors 'cross the street
played the mandolins they brought from Italy
Like rays of sunshine through the haze
I recall those golden days
before the Smoky Mountains called to me
And as much as I love these green rolling hills
is it so strange to find
that when I lay me down to sleep
I can still hear subways rumbling in my mind

No I never heard a freight train far away
echo through the valleys and the hills
but the moaning of the foghorns in the bay
was as lonesome as the mountain whipporwills
And for all its commotion and its noise
my childhood home had its simple joys
So even though I've left them far behind
I can still hear subways rumbling in my mind.

CHORUS:

From "Tune in on my Memories," Cloudland, CLC 003, © Richard Blaustein, 1984.

Richard Blaustein's fiddling and singing are also available on a new album, "East Tennessee," the ETSU Bluegrass Band's first album. Some fine musicians in the area have gotten together to record the first album ever made by a university band. And it's on the new *Now and Then* label, produced by Jack Tottle and the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services. Use the coupon in the front of this magazine to order your copy or buy one at our office in room 119 of the Sherrod Library, ETSU.

Richard Blaustein, director of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, plays fiddle with the Dixie Dewdrops, an old-time band, and with the ETSU Bluegrass Band.

Waitin' for the Sunrise

Ed Snodderly

Waiting for the sunrise comes from the idea of searching for something new. It also has to do with the motion of circling automobiles around drive-in parking lots. Those parking lots of the Dutch Maid, of Shoneys or Pals Sudden Service; waiting for the hours to pass; you just never know what it all may bring. This song is presently a part of the Road Company's play, ***Echoes and Postcards****.*

Ed Snodderly

In this little town
All I do is roam around
Looking for something, to thrill me.
I've seen the bright lights
Of a big city sky, but boys
There was something missing.

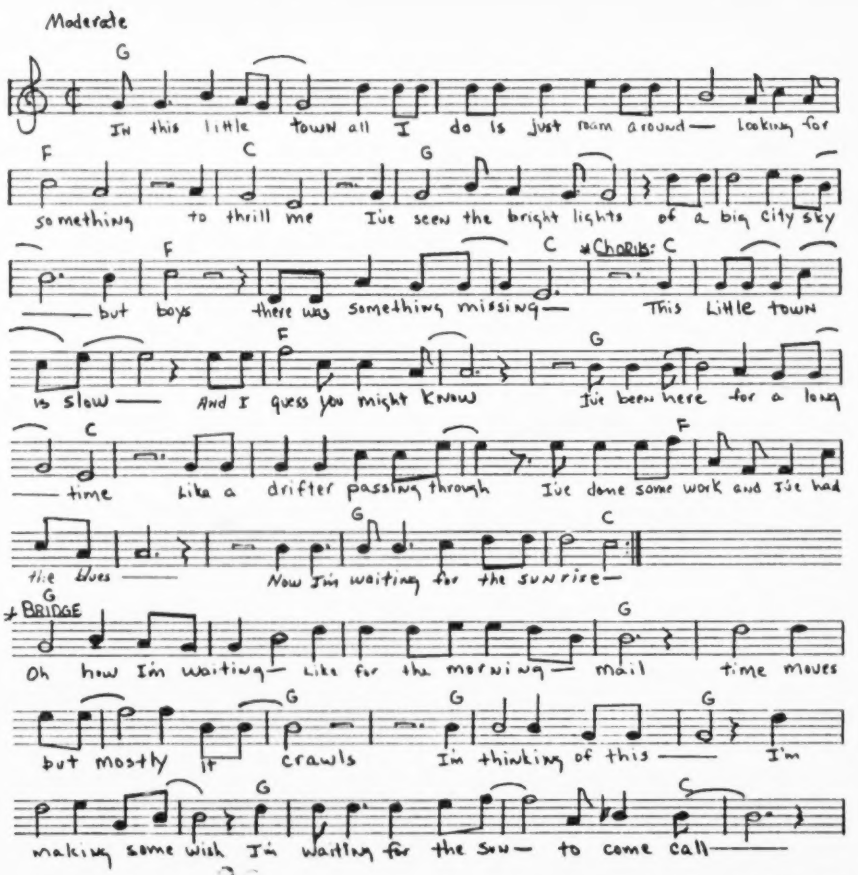
CHORUS: This little town is slow
And I guess you might know
That I've been here for a long time.
Like a drifter passing through
I've done some work and I've had the blues
Now I'm waitin' for the sunrise.

I'll go to the station
Where they smoke them cigarettes
And stare into the long nights.
Where talk is so slow
If you really want to know
There'll be someone who'll say it's alright.

CHORUS:

Bridge:
Oh, how I'm waiting
Like for the morning mail
Time moves but mostly crawls
I'm thinking of this
I'm making some wish
I'm waitin' for the sun to come call.

CHORUS:

Ed Snodderly, 1984, Drivin Round Music.

Moderate
G
In this little town all I do is just roam around— Looking for
F C G
something to thrill me I've seen the bright lights of a big city sky
F C *Chorus: C
— but boys there was something missing— This little town
F G
is slow— And I guess you might know I've been here for a long
C F
— time like a drifter passing through I've done some work and I've had
G C
the blues— Now I'm waiting for the sunrise—
*Bridge G G
Oh how I'm waiting— like for the morning— mail time moves
G G G
but mostly it crawls I'm thinking of this— I'm
G C
making some wish I'm waiting for the sun— to come call—

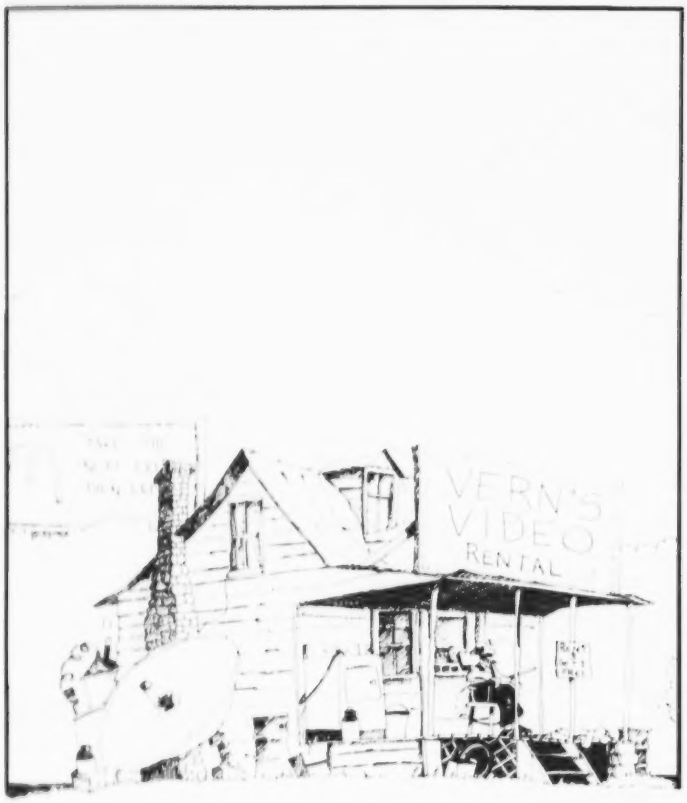
Ed Snodderly's newest record, "The Imperial Hotel," is due out this fall from Cloudland Records, and includes "Waitin' for the Sunrise."

You Know You're an Insider When...

1. You can drive from Knoxville to Roan Mountain knowing without a doubt that if your car breaks down anywhere along the way you can call a relative for help without paying long distance charges.
2. You have an East Tennessee ancestor who fought for the Union in the Civil War.
3. You know that you could purchase a pint of moonshine within an hour, if necessary.
4. You're not sure that progress within a region is defined by the number of four lane highways found therein.
5. You have been given catnip for colic as a baby, smoked rabbit tobacco for fun as a kid, or drank sassafrass tea for your spring tonic at any age.
6. You use the following words comfortably at least once a week: reckon, holler, catty cornered, fixin'.
7. The religion you were taught as a child keeps calling you back no matter how hard you try to forget it.
8. You say Appalăchia instead of Appalāchia and you can pronounce Elizabethton on the first try.
9. You like your green beans cooked with streaked pork until they are DONE, your cornbread with a ½ inch crust from being baked in an old iron skillet, and your stack cake with apple butter between the layers just the way grandma used to do it.
10. Nobody *ever* says to you, "And where are you from?"

—Martha Whaley

Martha Whaley says she has been accused of being a militant insider. A native of Stoney Creek in Carter County, Tenn., she now lives in Piney Flats, Tenn., and is a housewife and mother of four small children. She also works part time as history of medicine librarian in the Quillen-Dishner College of Medicine Library.



Cartoon Tony Feathers

Waiting for Flying Saucers in Wytheville

"We're being invaded by something." WYVE Radio Reports, October, 1987

I hear they come out at twilight,
join the first stars over the mountains
and twinkle blue and red,
little bulbs whirling.
They're watching us, it's clear,
as sure as the hills have eyes
and the Air Force won't talk.
At Mom-and-Pop's over by I-81,
I sat by a window for two hours,
eating pie and drinking coffee
until night fell and the only
lights coming this way were diesels
headed north to Pennsylvania.
Next time, tomorrow, I'll sit on
the other side facing south where
those flying saucers will be sure
to hover over the houses in town,
earthly phenomena worth studying —
if studying's why they're here.
I sure don't think they're here
to take over the farms and slop pigs,
learn all about dairy cattle
and the price of turkey hens.
And if they need to transport me
for a few days for observation,
it might be a change of pace.
So long as they understand when
I get restless and sing,
"Carry me back to Old Virginny."

—Felicia Mitchell

Felicia Mitchell teaches English at Emory and Henry College in Virginia. Her poems have appeared in a number of literary journals.

Tony Feathers teaches art in elementary schools in Greeneville, Tenn.

First—Love Summer

Stubble prickling behind our knees,
we lie in new-mown field
and watch the shifting clouds.
Pressing closed our lids,
we change sky red to purple to black.

Having heard of peristalsis,
you have me drink an Orange Crush
while hanging upside-down from a tree limb.
(Documentation is vital to 10-year-olds.)

By Independence Day we make our vow:
you scratch our wrists with a rusty pin,
our blood runs together.

First day of school
you catch a fieldmouse in a gallon jar,
laugh as it runs circles. Before it dies
you fling it squirming into a trashfire.
I catch the scent of searing flesh
and know . . .
mingled blood is no proof at all.

—Mary Ernestine O'Dell

The Last Family Reunion

We were called back to the mountains —
called back from Ashtabula, Ohio
Levittown, New York
Alexandria, Virginia
Atlanta, Georgia.

In our Ford station wagon, waiting at railroad crossings
winding around mountains,
there was dark parental talk.
Jill got carsick.

On the farm new cars glinted in the sun —
dew burnt off.
We ate: biscuits gravy and ham,
fresh cream on Quaker puffed rice,
canned blackberries.

There was the smell of sulphur in the crowded kitchen —
the sound of kids bounding downstairs.

Roughhousing outside I fell — to everyone's amazement —
on an Indian arrowhead.
A debate about whether or not stitches were required ensued.
My opinion went unheeded. No consensus emerged.
Finally, saved by The Word of Grandpa
I was given over to the sure hands of Aunt Helen, the nurse,
who cleansed the wound, made a butterfly,
and sent me back out into the wind —
a wonderful wounded warrior
and the envy of every one of my 35 first cousins.

We played softball on the lawn
built a dam
hid under the porch
hollowed a haystack
tormented a garter snake

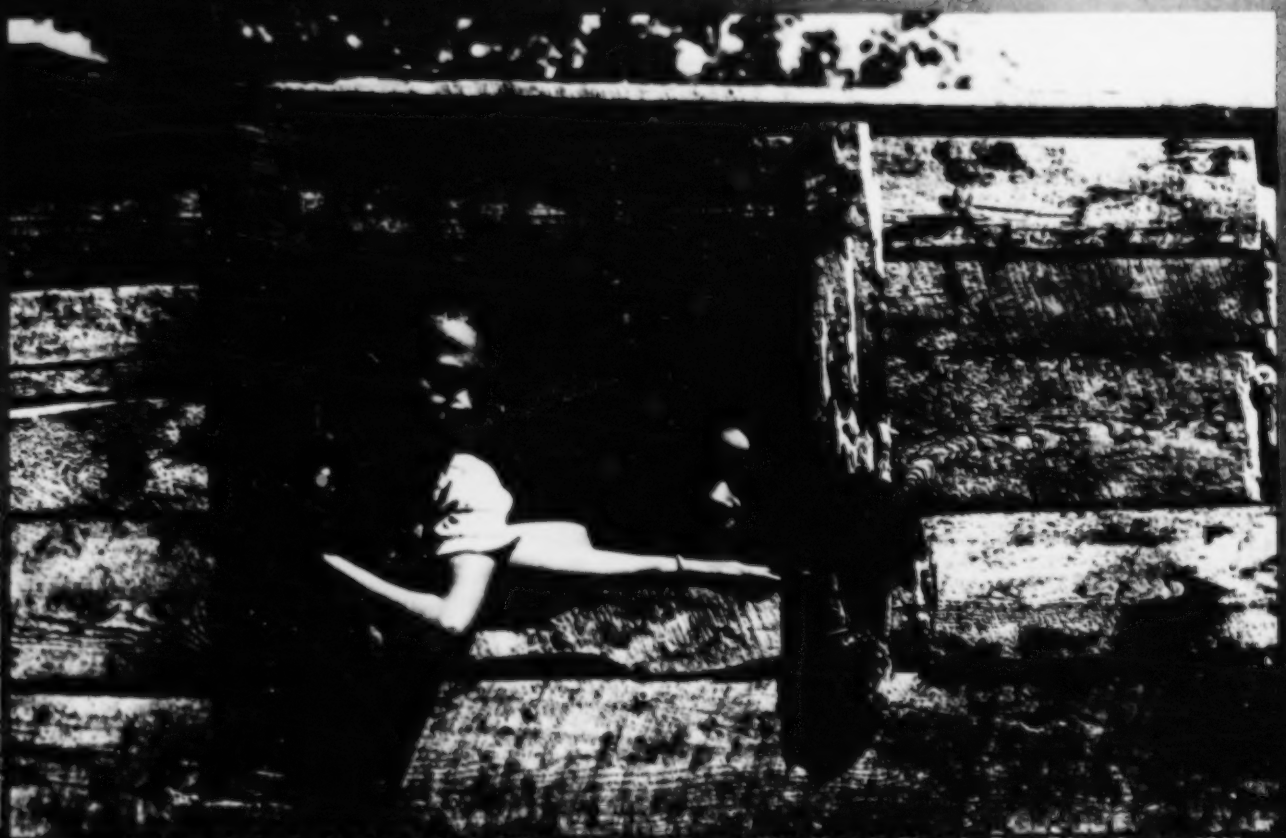
I fell more deeply in love with Jacqueline.

Inside, Henry and Tessie's sons and daughters
fought bitterly behind closed doors and drawn curtains
about who would pay for the new roof
and storm windows.

—Bob Henry Baber

Bob Baber writes fiction and poetry (often for ***Now and Then****) and works for Appalshop, the media production center in Whitesburg, Ky.*

Mary E. O'Dell is the coordinator/founder of Green River Writers and Green River Retreat. Her work has been published in ***Plainsong, Haight-Ashbury, Passages North****, and in her book,* ***Blue Air and Wheels*** *published by Northwoods press.*



Courtesy of the National Archives, Photo #NS-1550-L

Children of miners playing in abandoned shack, Gilliam, McDowell County, West Virginia. Photo by Russell Lee, August, 1946.

NOW AND THEN

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